Conſtantine

THE

GREAT;

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal,

By their Majeſties Servants.

Written by *NAT. LEE*, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed by *H. Hills* Jun. for *R. Bently*, in *Ruſſel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, and *J. Tonſon*, at the *Judges-Head* in *Chancery-Lane* near *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1684.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Conſtantine	Mr. *Smith.*
C. Dalmatius	Mr. *Griffin.*
Criſpus	Mr. *Betterton.*
Annibal	Mr. *Goodman.*
Lycinius	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Arius	Mr. *Gillo.*
Labienus	Mr. *Perin.*
Eubolus	Mr. *Saunders.*
Sylveſter	Mr. *Bowman.*

WOMEN.

Fauſta	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Serena	Mrs. *Cook.*

Angels, Prieſts, Guards, and Attendants.

A Catalogue of PLAYS, *Printed for* R. Bentley.

1. TArtuff, *or the* French Puritan.
2. Forc'd Marriage, *or the* Jealous Bridegroom.
3. Engliſh Monſieur.
4. All miſtaken, *or the* Mad Couple.
5. Generous Enemies, *or the* Ridiculous Lovers.
6. The Plain-Dealer.
7. Sertorius, *a Tragedy.*
8. Nero, *a Tragedy.*
9. Sophonisba, *or* Hannibal's Overthrow.
10. Gloriana, *or the* Court of Auguſtus Cæſar.
11. Alexander the Great.
12. Mithridates, *King of* Pontus.
13. Oedipus, *King of* Thebes.
14. Cæſar Borgia.
15. Theodoſius, *or the* Force of Love.
16. Madam Fickle, *or the* Witty Falſe One.
17. The Fond Husband, *or the* Plotting Siſters.
18. Eſquire Old Sap, *or the* Night Adventures.
19. Fool turn'd Critick.
20. Virtuous Wife, *or* Good Luck at laſt.
21. The Fatal Wager.
22. Andromache.
23. Country Wit.
24. Caliſto, *or the* Chaſte Nymph.
25. Deſtruction of Jeruſalem, *in two Parts.*
26. Ambitious Stateſman, *or the* Loyal Favourite.
27. Miſery of Civil War.
28. The Murder of the Duke of Gloceſter.
29. Thyeſtes, *a Tragedy.*
30. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, *a Tragedy.*
31. The Orphan, *or the* Unhappy Marriage.
32. The Souldiers Fortune.
33. Tamerlain the Great.
34. Mr. Limberham, *or the* Kind Keeper.
35. Miſtaken Husband.
36. Notes of *Morocco* by the Wits.
37. Eſſex and Elizabeth, *or the* Unhappy Favourite.
38. Virtue Betray'd, *or* Anna Bulleign.
39. King Leare.
40. Abdellazor, *or the* Moors Revenge.
41. Town-Fop, *or* Sir Tim. Tawdery.
42. Rare en tout, *a French Comedy.*
43. Moor of Venice.
44. Country Wife.
45. City Politicks.
46. Duke of Guiſe.
47. Rehearſal.
48. King and no King.
49. Philaſter, *or* Love lies a Bleeding.
50. Maids Tragedy.
51. Grateful Servant.
52. Strange Diſcovery.
53. Atheiſt, *or the* Second Part of the Souldiers Fortune.
54. Wit without Money.
55. Little Thief.
56. Valiant Scot.
57. Conſtantine.
58. Valentinian.
59. Amorous Prince.
60. Dutch Lovers.
61. Woman Rules.
62. Reformation.
63. Hero and Leander.
64. Love Tricks.
65. Julius Cæſar.
66. Fatal Jealouſie.
67. Monſieur Ragou.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Goodman.

WHat think ye meant wiſe Providence, when firſt
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durſt,
That 'twas in Contradiction to Heaven's Word,
That when its Spirit o're the Waters ſtir'd,
When it ſaw All, and ſaid That All was good,
The Creature Poet was not underſtood.
For, were it worth the Pains of ſix long Days,
To mould Retailers of dull Third-Day-Plays;
That ſtarve out threeſcore Years in hopes of Bays.
'Tis plain they ne're were of the firſt Creation,
But came by meer Equiv'cal Generation.
Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred;
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their Species ſure muſt needs diſown,
Scarce knowing Poets, leſs by Poets known.
Yet this poor Thing, ſo ſcorn'd, and ſet at nought;
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Diſabl'd waſting Whore-Maſters are not
Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
Than Fumbling, Itching Rhimers of the Town,
T' adopt ſome baſe-born Song that's not their own.
Spite of his State, My Lord ſometimes deſcends,
To pleaſe the Importunity of Friends.
The dulleſt he thought moſt for Buſineſs fit,
'Twill venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit.

And

And though he ſinks with his Imploys of State,
Till Common Senſe forſake him, he'll Tranſlate.
The Poet *and the* Whore *alike complains,*
Of trading Quality, that ſpoils their Gains;
The Lords will Write, and Ladies will have Swains.
Therefore, all you who have Male Iſſue born,
Under the Starving Sign of Capricorn;
Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,
And warn them early from the Sin of Rhime:
Tell 'em how Spencer *ſtarv'd, how* Cowley *mourn'd,*
How Butler's *Faith and Service was return'd;*
And if ſuch Warning they refuſe to take,
This laſt Experiment, O Parents, make!
With Hands behind them ſee the Offender ty'd,
The Pariſh Whip, and Beadle by his ſide.
Then lead him to ſome Stall that does expoſe
The Authors he loves moſt, there rub his Noſe;
Till like a Spaniel laſh'd, to know Command,
He by the due Correction underſtand,
To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land.
Till he againſt his Nature learn to ſtrive,
And get the Knack of Dullneſs how to thrive.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. COOK.

OUr Hero's *happy in the Plays Concluſion,*
The holy Rogue at laſt has met Confuſion:
Though Arius *all along appear'd a Saint,*
The laſt Act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius, (*for you know I read Greek Authors*)
Reports, that after all theſe Plots and Slaughters,
The Court of Conſtantine *was full of Glory,*
And every Trimmer *turn'd Addreſſing* Tory;
They follow'd him in Herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe *was King, then all the World was glad.*
Whiggs *kept the Places they poſſeſt before,*
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.
Indeed there were a ſort of peaking Tools,
Some call them Modeſt, but I call 'em Fools,
Men much more Loyal, tho not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor Devils were caſt behind the Croud.
For bold Knaves thrive without one Grain of Senſe,
But good Men ſtarve for want of Impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of Wights,
(*I think my Author calls them* Teckelites;)
Such hearty Rogues againſt the King and Laws,
They favour'd even a Foreign Rebel's Cauſe.

When

When their own damn'd Design was quash'd and aw'd,
At least they gave it their good Word abroad.
As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
Breeds out his Baſtard, not to noſe his Wife.
Thus o're their Darling Plot theſe Trimmers *cry;*
And though they cannot keep it in their Eye,
They bind it Prentice to Count Teckely.
They believe not the laſt Plot, may I be curſt,
If I believe they e're believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think;
The Man that makes it, never ſmells the Stink.
And, now it comes into my Head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers *lov'd the* Turks *ſo well.*
The Original Trimmer, *though a Friend to no Man,*
Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman:
He knew that Mahomet *laid up for ever,*
Kind Black-ey'd Rogues, for every true Believer:
And, which was more than mortal Man e're taſted,
One Pleaſure that for threeſcore Twelve-months laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a Heav'n!

Miſcellany Poems, containing a new Tranſlation of *Virgil*'s Eclogues, *Ovid*'s Love-Elegies, Odes of *Horace*, and other Authors. By ſeveral Hands.

Poems upon ſeveral Occaſions; with a Voyage to the Land of *Love*. By Mrs. *A. Behn*.

Both printed for *J. Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*.

CON-

Conſtantine THE GREAT.

The Firſt Act. Scene. 1ſt.

Conſtantine *ſleeping in a Pavillion*, Silveſter *ſtanding at diſtance, two Angels deſcend with Banners in their hands.*

This Motto, *In hoc ſigno vince*, Writ in Gold.

Sing.

1. *Ang.* AWake: O *Conſtantine!* awake;
Or in thy ſleep the Proſpect take!
Here in this hallow'd ſtreaming Gold,
The Proſpect of thy Life behold:
This Emblem of a bleeding Love,
Shall both thy Croſs and Triumph prove.
For, alaſs! 'tis decreed by the Heavenly Doom,
To purge thy paſt Crimes, there's a Torment to come.

2. *Ang.* Yet, after the Storm, believe in me,
No more diſturb'd thy thoughts ſhall be,
But all Serene as a breathleſs Sea.

Chor. And ſtill thy Handmaid Victory,
Where er'e thou go'ſt, ſhall wait on thee;
And all ſhall end in Harmony.

3. *Ang. ſpeaks.* Awake, and ponder the Celeſtial Song;
Thy vow'd Converſion is delay'd too long.

Awake; remember the Celestial Doom,
That threatned Torments, and a Cross to come.
Yet after all the Menaces of Fate,
Be wash'd: And Calms shall on those Tempests wait,
For true Repentance never comes too late. *Angels ascend.*

Constantine awakes.

Const. Stay! I adjure you, by the Holy Name,
That bows your Airy Heads; I charge you stay:
They're gone: Those Beauteous Legates of the Skies;
And left me puzling here to die in doubt,
Unless *Silvester* guide me with a Clew,
Through the dark Mazes of this folding Dream.
Silv. To purge your past Crimes, there's a Torment to come.
Ay, there the Torment too repeated thrice.
Const. But say, what Torment?
Silv. A dangerous Torment, govern'd by ill Stars:
Which were I Emperour should be soon prevented.
Const. By Heaven it shall by me.
Silv. You must not Swear,
Lest you shou'd be forsworn.
Const. If Heaven require
My Life as an Atonement for my Sins:
Lead to the Altar, Saint, and I will bleed.
Silv. I dare believe you would: But this is more.
Const. More then my Life: Why, then 'tis Reputation.
But I have learnt in Christian Schools to lay
My Honour down. And own my self a Worm.
To wash the Pilgrims Feet, to bid the Saints
Tread on this Earth: This trash, this heap of Sin.
Silv. But there's a Bosom Foe to Conquer yet,
And there's my fear.
Const. Your fear, my Saint, after what I have said?
Silv. My fear, my Emperour, though you had sworn,
Const. Had I a Race of Sons like *Crispus* dear,
Hope of my vows, my Souldier and my Love
Early Renown'd, and Pious from the Womb:
Yet were my Bowels Foes to that Religion,
Whose Infant growth I water'd with my Blood,
I Swear by Heav'n, they should be mine no more.
Silv. Your Son's the Angels care, and when he dies,
The foremost of the Quire shall meet him with a Crown.
But have you not a Wife?
Const. You know I had
A dear one, and by much my better part.

Silv.

Silv. But have you not another?
Const. When she dy'd,
All Beauty fled with her.
Silv. This Beauty lives:
Can you deny a Truth?
Const. Silvester, why?
Why dost thou press me thus, to my Confusion?
Silv. Because this Beauty, Sir, may bring confusion.
Const. Large as an Angels knowledg, be your own,
And at one View, receive whole Nature in,
Yet if you tax my Choice, with least dishonour,
I must declare you wrong her.
Silv. Then you are at least contracted to *Maximinus* Daughter:
A Heathen born?
Const. But bred a *Cherubin*,
She has all the Beauties, of her Sex below;
And equal Virtues, with the blest above.
Silv. Dares *Constantine*, the Christian so Renownd,
Say this to me?
Const. Dares any Saint deny't?
Silv. That *Fausta* is not Guilty!
Const. Ha! of what?
Silv. Of all the ills, that shall attend your Life.
Of all———
Const. Hold, hold——lest I fall out with Heaven.
Silv. Of all the Blots, that shall in after times
Stain your white Character, and blast your Fame:
While weeping Readers shall lament your Story.
Therefore away with her.
Const. First, let me die.
Penurious Heaven; and Oh! thou Niggard Saint,
Did I not Offer you my Darling Son,
With all my Race, as Victims to your Shrines
If they were Guilty in a point of Faith,
To wash their Heresies with Royal Blood?
And do you grudge me one, but one poor Pleasure,
For all the Pains of my Unwearied Wars?
Then take my Life, take Empire, Glory, all,
Take all I offer'd this Ungrateful Priest,
Who in requital, will allow me nothing.
Silv. Forgive me Heaven! my too officious Care,
For interposing, in thy dark Decrees:
In Christian patience, he is yet but young.
Chastise him now: And make the Tryal strong.
Const. What have I said, that I am past forgiveness?

Your Silence argues me undone for ever:
Yet think me not, so lost in desperate Love,
But while offending I can kneel for Pardon.
Silv. What I have offer'd to your Choice,
Was not Commission'd me to say from Heaven;
Therefore the pardon must be mutual.
All I have urg'd was but a thoughtful nodding:
No more of that; be happy in your Love.
Const. Oh! you have charm'd me into Love again;
And fear not but she shall become a Christian;
I must confess, that yet she is a Heathen,
As such I Lov'd Her, in Her Fathers Court,
Where first we Plighted vows at *Altar* hands:
But the dark Contract was so close Contriv'd,
I wonder how you reach'd the Truth so soon:
But Heaven reveal'd it, or you cou'd not know it;
Since I may swear, She is not yet enjoy'd.
Silv. By you!
Const. By me? Your answer's short and home:
Who shou'd possess her else?
Silv. Young and a Heathen?
Left in the Sensual *Maximians* Court?
Const. No, Sir; She's Guarded, and secure at *Rome*;
Crispus, not yet acquainted with our Contract,
Is sent in show, for I had other purpose,
To make his Judgment of my *Fausta's* Person,
Whether to be preserv'd, or like Her Father,
To hinder Insurrections, be destroy'd,
But hark! What March is this? Perhaps 'tis he!
And these his Trumpets, with the Legions Rais'd. *Trumpets without.*

Enter Arius, *and* Eubolus.

Both. Long live the Emperour.
Const. Is *Crispus* come,
With those Auxiliar Legions we requir'd;
And Money sent to pay the last Arrears?
Ari. Nothing obey'd: When first your Orders came,
Which by your Brother were in the *Forum* Read;
I never saw so sudden a Revolt.
At once they Cry'd, our Liberty's betray'd,
Our Courts of Justice Rob'd; Old Rights Infring'd;
Our Gods must down, our Shrines and Temples burn:
And all for a phantastick, Old Wives Tale;
A Cross they Cry'd, one of *Silvester's* Lies.

Which

Which never yet was seen by waking Eyes;
But either feign'd, or Dreamt of in the Skies.
Const. Is this their Answer to my strict Commands?
Ari. Crispus by this return'd, to join your Brother;
When straight some Devil whisper'd in their Ears,
Your Son already had begun the Change,
The Statue of *Apollo* was pull'd down,
To make his Fathers Place: Whereon they cry'd
Your Image should be Burnt, and with a breath
The Cockle, and the Corn, bow'd all that way.
Eub. But were reversed by a more Powerful Gale,
Your Brother and your Son, appear'd like Gods,
And stopt the Madmen in their full Career.
Ari. At close of day, in Dark *Cabals* they met,
And in the Morning gave their Final Answer;
Lycinius, who that Night was brought a Captive,
To grace the Triumph of your first appearance,
Was first propos'd, to share th' Imperial Power:
Next they demand a general Persecution
Of all the Christians, and *Silvesters* head.
Const. Tell 'em their *City* shall be Ashes first,
Have I for this, with hazard of my Life,
So oft Redeem'd em' from their Tyrants Racks,
When all their Streets, were but one Hideous Grave;
There Wives, and Daughters Ravisht in their View?
When Age was drain'd of its last Ebbing drop,
When Babes were snatch'd their Earliest breath to give,
And dy'd ere knowing what it was to live.

Trumpets——*Enter* Dalmatius.

More Treason ——*Arius*, or do the Slaves Repent?
My Brother here. Still to my Arms, and heart,
Thou Nerve of all my Wars: How fares my Friend,
And my beloved?
Dalm. Crispus, our care is well.
And the late Tempest which must reach your Ear,
By Skilful Pilots, Rockt into a Calm;
Believe me Sir, your presence gains the Cause.
Therefore upon the Instant march to *Rome*;
Vanquisht *Licinius* waits to Grace your Triumph.
Bless me! Is't possible? *Arius* with you Sir?
Arius the Traitor?
Const. Have you found him so?
Dalm. The Subtlest Snake, the softest Civil Villain

That

That ever warm'd himself in Princes——Bosom;
Diseases, Blasts, Plagues, Death and Hell are in him:
What e're his outside seems: This shameless Traitor
Was the foul Spring of all these poison'd Waters,
That late had like to overflow the Empire;
Yet while his Emissaries Fired the People;
This *Judas* on my side, appear'd an Angell:
For after the first Mutiny was quel'd;
Though he had Sworn to Justifie your Cause,
He warn'd the Slaves, I have his hand to show,
Next day to make those Impudent demands.

Ari. Plots on my Innocence; as I am a Christian,
If ere I set my hand to such a Treason,
May these rot off, which thus I hold to Heaven:
As I am of Priestly Order.

Dalm. A Devil Ordain'd——
Sir, if I do not prove him.

Const. I believe you,
I know him Heretick, a Seditious Traitor,
But yet have Reasons to defer his Ruin,
Therefore no more at present. *Arius* hence;
And let me hear no further of these Mischiefs.
I have pardon'd you; be gone, you *Eubulus*, and tell the Rebels,
I come Embattel'd now for my Revenge;
My Standard, and my Banners, bear the Cross
Tell 'em *Lycinius*, whom once before
I took to Grace, and Marry'd to my Sister,
Their new Petition'd *Cæsar* soon shall bleed.

Silv. Forgive your Enemies.

Const. But not my Friends:
Lycinius was my Friend, and has betray'd me;
Therefore I'le Execute him in their View.
Away and warn him, for the Doom that's given. *Ex. Arius, Eubulus.*
'Tis not by halfs, that we will worship Heaven:
No; my *Dalmatius*, I have made a vow,
The *Romans*, or their Emperour shall bow.
They're Subjects, and 'tis fit: Nay, bow they shall:
Or *Cæsar* in th' attempt, their Victim fall;
Bow to the Man, whom Heaven Ordain'd for Sway,
And in his great Vicegerent learn their Maker to Obey—— *Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene II. *ROME. Conſtantines* Palace.

Enter Lycinius, Labienus.

Labi. The miſchief's Ripe, and ready for our wiſh:
Confuſion to the Houſe of *Conſtantine*,
And Fortune points their Fate. For mark the Method
The Father ſends the Son to ſee the Priſoner;
The Son, not knowing of his Fathers Contract,
Appears a God to *Fauſta*'s Charming Eyes,
And Marry'd her.

Lycin. How came you by the Secret?

Lab. Arius told me; he who Betrothed the Father Weds the Son,
And ſtands for ever bound to ſerve *Lycinius*.

Lycin. He's Voted Heretick among the Chriſtians.

Labie. No matter what they Vote him, Sir; He's yours,
And Foe too all Religion, but his Friends.

Lycin. By *Mars*, he falls the Righter to my purpoſe.
I was my ſelf bred up in Blood and Wars,
Untaught, and Scoft at by theſe Civil Cowards,
Wherefore I hate Religion, Arts, and Learning;
And if I ever Mount the *Cæſars* Throne,
I'le Raiſe another General Perſecution,
Like *Nero*; Bait theſe Chriſtian Dogs to Death;
And Build the Temples of the Old Gods again.

Labie. And be a God your Self: In the mean time,
Let your Wives tears prevail upon your Temper.
Supple your Haughty Spirit, bow your Body,
Low as the Earth, before the Emperours Feet.

Lycin. I had rather dye: If he thinks fit to ſave me,
'Tis well; if not; why let him take my Head.

Labie. Yet for the ſake of thoſe, whom you muſt Govern,
Rebate this Martial Fire, and hear your Wife:
Hear what return our long'd for *Arius* brings.

Enter Criſpus, *with* Annibal.

But ſoft! the Bridegroom, *Criſpus* and his Friend:
Conſtantia with impatience waits your coming;
Conſtantia, who has Power to ſave your Head;
Though *Cæſar* with an Oath had Doom'd you Dead.

Ex. Lycinius, Labienus.

Criſpus.

Criſpus. How *Annibal*: What! out of temper now?
When Crowns are offer'd, and the *Cæſars* Purple?
What, though not born in the immediate way?
Yet thou art Collaterally Great as I.
And if I ever Heir this Spacious Empire,
By Heaven, thou ſhalt not ſhare, but guide, engroſs
My hearts beſt Love, and all the World beſide.

Anni. Your Heart? Ay there you Eccho'd my deſires,
Enrich me there, and trowle your empty Globe
To thoſe Crown'd Slaves, that know no other Greatneſs;
But tell me, O my *Criſpus*! All Mens Joy;
Tell me, and truly from thy Generous Soul,
Haſt thou a Friend, whom more thou Lov'ſt then me?

Criſp. Not more belov'd, more Fonded then my ſelf,
But more———

Anni. Nay add not, to that broken Truth,
There's more in that, no more, then thou had'ſt Sworn.

Criſp. Wilt thou not hear me out?

Anni. There needs no more;
Thou art no Friend, that Lov'ſt another more:
Nay half ſo much: But now I find that all
The former Flatteries of thy Glozing Friendſhip,
Were Courtiers promiſes, and Womens Vows,
But let me know his Name;

Criſp. Thy Father *Annibal* my Godlike Friend,
Dalmatius, who before thou could'ſt Write Man,
Hugg'd *Criſpus* to his Heart: Like Lambs in Peace
Together we lay down, together roſe,
In War like Lyons, Coupled on a ſide;
Ere yet thy Infant Arms, a Sword could Wield,
And drove like Herds, the Nations from the Field.

Anni. Why then we're Friends agen, more faſt then ever,
Yet ſince we have happen'd into this diſorder,
To make a Tryal of renew'd affection,
I'le put thee to the Teſt.

Criſp. Name the Danger,
Though Kin to Death, my Arm, Young-man, ſhall Right thee.

Anni. 'Tis death indeed: Moſt certain Death to me,
Unleſs thy Softning Charms, have power to ſave me.

Criſp. Speak this cloſe grief; That wrings thee with the Anguiſh,
If I am not Eloquent in ſuch a Cauſe,
Cut out my Tongue.

Annib. My life is in the hands
Of one that hates me; or what wounds me more,
Of one, my *Criſpus*, that can never love me.

Criſp. Not

Crisp. Not love thee? O ye Powers! what heart is that?
Annib. Hast thou not seen the Beauteous Prisoners?
Crisp. Ha!
What, *Fausta* meanst thou?
Annib. *Fausta* and *Serena.*
Crisp. Say which of em'? Which Beauty has Inflam'd thee?
Annib. Which shou'd, but the most soft and Artless melter?
The Languishing——
Crisp. The killing Beauteous——Come——
Annib. Ha! *Crispus* thou art Concern'd!
Crisp. I am to help thee——
Her Name?
Annib. Why take it then, the Fair *Serena.*
Crisp. O She's the softest sweetest, killing Fair
By Heaven— I am glad——I'm ravisht that 'tis She!
By this Embrace I promise thee success,
I know her temper well——No more but leave me,
I was upon the Instant when I met thee,
Going to their Appartment;——Nay look up——
And trust thy Friend.
Annib. Plead then for my Life,
I beg thee as a God to plead my Cause;
Thou canst not know o'th' sudden, how 'tis with me:
How Great, how Mortal, and how deep the wound.
May all the Saints, and Powers that pitty Love,
Inspire thy Breast, as if 'twere possible
That *Annibals* Soul cou'd actuate thy body,
So sigh, weep, languish, and for Mercy sue,
As were I *Crispus*, I my self wou'd do—— *Ex. Annibal.*
Crisp. The Youth is Haughty, Martial, Hot and Brave;
Right for the Field, unhappy parts for Love:
Therefore perhaps, the Virgin likes him not.
But thou hast luckier Stars: No sooner seen
But lik'd——Lov'd, Marry'd——Ha!——but where's the Transport?
Without thy Fathers knowledge thou wert Marry'd:
'Tis the first Fault of my unhappy youth,
Yet 'tis a Fault——but 'tis the fault of Love.
Had he not lov'd *Crispus* had not been here;
Away, you Damps, and darkning Images.
Be gone I say—Behold she comes to meet me; *Enter* Fausta.
Lag as I am, in this great Race of Love——
O *Fausta*, *Fausta*!
Faust. O my *Constantine!*
Crisp. Ha!
Faust. A mistake; my fear out-went my Love.

Crisp. My *Constantine*! Thy fear—— by Heaven 'twas Ominous:
What cause hast thou to fear?
Faust. Bondage and Death.
Are not those Reasons for a Virgins fear?
Crisp. Yes for another, *Fausta*, not for thine.
For Oh! when he has seen and heard like me,
The Abstracted Charms of all this Beauteous World,
Expect not death, but offers of a Throne.
Faust. 'Tis possible: Yet by thy self I swear,
By dear lov'd thee, my *Crispus* in a Cottage
Shall be prefer'd to all the Thrones on Earth.
Crisp. And thou, forgive me Heaven! I had almost said
To Heaven it self: No *Fausta*, that's the Jar,
Religion makes this discord in my Soul.
I find it now. Hence come my Starts and fears,
Even in the height of my expected joys
But Time, the Saints and Miracles must win thee.
Faust. No Time, no Miracle, no Saint but thou:
Why, thou art all the Wonders of the Earth,
My Saint, my hearts Religion, and my Heaven;
With thee I am imbarkt to live or Perish,
Not only here but in the World hereafter.
Crisp. Oh Extacy! Oh pattern for thy Sex:
Yet shalt thou Master me by this Subjection
Give me thy hand. Thy Lip—— the sweets are Richer,
The tast Enobled. Oh! my ravisht Love
Glows with the pointed Charms. The Heavens are open'd
And I behold thee Crown'd a Saint already.
But I will hold thee fast, lest that the Angels snatch thee:
Ere we have mingled Souls——
Faust. Oh not to Night!
Crisp. Ha! not to night? Not on this Lov'd Confession?
Not when thou hast set my Spirits all on fire?
Not now enjoy thee? Thou mak'st my fears return,
Far more Extravagant then they were before.
Lest e're we join an Apoplex shou'd seize me,
The Palace fall, and thousand other Chances,
That awe th' Imagination of my Love.
Oh Come——
Faust. I will, and with these longing arms
Hold thee till Morn: And from that Morn till Evening:
From Evening to Mid-day: From day to Night:
From Night to Death——I'le clap thee thus for ever.
Crisp. Let's haste then, while the beckoning Minute smiles.
Faust. But I must swear thee first:

Crisp.

Criſp. Take Oath on Oath:
I ſwear to obey thee without asking why.
Fauſt. Swear thou wilt never leave thy Wedded *Fauſta*;
What ever dreadful Chance, or ſtrange Misfortune,
Shou'd ſtart to undo me, almoſt to a Crime.
Criſp. No Crime: But want of Love: Nor that, by Heaven,
Shall make me hate thee, though it bring me Death.
Oh thou ſoft Dear! if ever I forſake thee,
At my laſt hour, may I deſpair of Mercy,
And may thoſe Saints, that knew the wrong I did thee,
When at Heavens Gate, I beg for Entrance, anſwer,
Remember what thou did'ſt to *Fauſta* ſwear,
Be gone, for ever leave this happy Sphere;
For perjur'd Lovers have no Manſion here.

Ex. Ambo.

End 1ſt. *Act.*

The Second Act: Scene *ROME.*

Enter Arius *and* Labienus, Eubolus.

Arius. WE have done our Work by halfs; follow'd by the Scent,
Trac'd to our Holes! Oh I could play the Mad-man!
Men of our Make ſo poorly hide a Murder,
That Dogs can Rake it up. Spies, Spies by Hell!
The Courſe of former Councils was too ſlow,
I am proclaim'd a Traitor, Heretick,
And Poniards muſt proclaim my Accuſer nothing.
Labie. Were it not better to comply?
Arius. Impoſſible!
The Genius of the proud imperial Brothers
And mine by Nature Mortally oppos'd.
Hate ſtrongly at firſt ſight, which hate improv'd,
By the late flaw I found in their Religion:
They hear too how I tainted Infant *Julian*:
Yet being made the Emperours Confident,
In the late Contract, all might have been retreiv'd;

And I at Helm, had not his hated Brother
Thus interpos'd to my eternal Ruine——
Poiſon and Ponyard———
Eubol. Is it come to that?
Ari. It is: without diſpatch, we are all undone.
Oh for a Slave to mould, ſome Malecontent;
His blood aduſt, and blackned with the blows
Of adverſe Fortune: yet of Soul elate,
And to be fluſh'd for Fame, or hire
To any kind of daring!
Lab. Why?
Ari. I would work the Melancholy brave
To ſtab *Dalmatius*.
Eubol. Why not *Conſtantine*?
Ari. Becauſe ten *Conſtantines* live at leaſt in him;
The one's not half ſo open to Deſtruction,
As t'other cloſe: and on the Guard to ſave him;
He has unravell'd our cloſe Webb of Thought,
And from the bottom of our dark Deſign
Drawn Treaſon forth, perhaps to hang us all.
Lab. 'Tis juſtly thought; this Lett muſt be remov'd;
And who ſo fit to hew it into pieces
As that ambitious, brawny Fool, *Lycinius*?
Ari. Thou haſt hit the Man my buſie Brain had loſt.
The Emperour dooms him dead; by whoſe Advice?
Tell me; I hear the dull *Lycinius* cry,
That e're I fall the Victim of the War,
I may at once deſtroy his Life and Name.

Enter Lycinius. *Guards.*

But ſee he comes! I bring you News.
Lycin. Ha! of my Death! I read it in thy Face.
Ari. The Emperour, as at firſt I told your Story, *Ready Trumpets, a*
Inclin'd to Mercy: but fierce *Dalmatius* *March at diſtance.*
Repeal'd the hint of your half granted Pardon,
And forc'd him to your Death. *Call Serena.*
Lycin. By *Mars* I'll fight him.
Ari. 'Tis not in your Power;
You're Priſ'ner of War.
Lycin. Yet I may curſe:
My Tongue is not their Priſoner; therefore I'll curſe,
Bitterly curſe *Dalmatius*: curſe 'em all.

Ari.

Ari. Curse for the loss of Empire, and of Life?
Bitterly curse! Why Whores will there out-do you.
I blush to think the great *Lycinius*
Should e're be brought in such Comparison!
Would it not seem more worthy your past Honour
To strike than say? Strike, if I may advise,
And e're you suffer. ——

Lycin. Kill *Dalmatius*,
Constantine, *Crispus*, *Annibal*, nay all, ——
Quite root up all the Imperial Stock at once.

Ari. This Dagger then be yours: the Legacy
Of an old Prophetess: who dying, told me,
He that had Courage to employ it well,
And where it ought, should make himself the Greatest. ——

Trumpet at distance.

Lycin. It shall be well employ'd, and where it ought.
But hark! th' Emperour comes!

Ari. Rather *Dalmatius*,
Perhaps commission'd for your Execution!

Lycin. Why then I'll forth and meet him. By the Fates,
If I must fall, he shall not live to laugh:
And in remembrance of this solemn Oath,
I kiss the ominous Gift thou hast bequeath'd me;
I'll treasure it next my Heart; where it shall rest,
Till sheath'd by Vengeance in *Dalmatius* Breast. *Exit.*

Ari. Or live or dye, thou art contriv'd for Mischief!
Next I must mend the Heresies I've broach'd,
And reconcile my self by some bold Offer,
With *Constantine*; which while I undertake,
Be it your Care to spread the old poisonous Doctrine:
Sow it in all Habits, Persons, Forms, and Places;
Grow with the Times, and cultivate Sedition.

Enter Serena.

My fair Devotess: —— but hence, as I have order'd,
And meet me at the Fryal of *Lycinius*. *Ex.* Labie. & Eubol.

Seren. The Morning's come, and fain I would have rest,
Who all the Night have wak'd upon my Pillow,
And made it wet with Tears: my solitary Groans
That pierc'd Heav'ns Vaults: tho Heav'n was deaf the while;
Deaf to redress, have made my Breast so sore
That I can sigh no longer.
Crispus and *Fausta*! Oh you happy Lovers!
Not so with you the gladsome Minutes past:
For, e're 'twas day, I left my tedious Bed, And

And listen'd to your Joys.
Ari. Her Sorrows lull me,
And I grow good, I know not how, o'th' sudden.
Seren. Such soft Expressions flow'd from the charming *Crispus*,
As did but aggravate my Passion more;
Yet hide it, O *Serena!* though thou dieſt,
Tell it to none, but to the midnight Groves,
The Flocks and Streams, and those unhappy Stars,
Whose mercileſs Fires thus fated thy undoing.
Ari. What! not to *Arius*! to thy Confeſſor;
To him who has a Priviledge from Heav'n?
Seren. Oh *Arius*! would I had the Power to hide it;
But you have heard it all;
And will, perhaps, proclaim a Virgins Frailty.
But, Sir, I ſhall not long ſurvive my ſhame:
And ſince 'tis known, confeſs it to the World;
Confeſs, that Paſſion has dethron'd my Reaſon,
That unbelov'd, I love the beſt of Men.
And ſigh unheard, and without Witneſs mourn,
And dote to Death, without the leaſt Return.
Ari. 'Tis ſaid, young *Annibal* is vow'd your Servant.
Seren. O *Arius!* mark the malice of our Fates!
That Prince loves me, as *Criſpus* is belov'd,
And failing in his Suit, employ'd his Friend
To plead his Cauſe! Oh had it been his own! ——
But all my Pray'rs, alas! are now in vain, *Ready Trumpets for a Call.*
And wanting *Criſpus*, I muſt wed my Grave.
Therefore I beg you, Sir, procure his Picture
To entertain my melancholy Thoughts,
Since him himſelf I ne're muſt ſee again.
Ari. That, and all Helps which *Arius* can command.
Seren. I thank you Sir, by the bleſt Saints I do;
I thank you for this Favour, from my Heart.
But hark! they come: *Criſpus* and *Fauſta* come!
Oh Heart! why doſt thou leap againſt my Boſom
Like a cag'd Bird, and beat thy ſelf to Death
For an impoſſible Freedom?
Ari. Stay to ſalute 'em.
Seren. No *Arius*, no: I cannot, dare not ſtand 'em:
But ſee, they come, wreath'd in each others Arms,
And mingling Kiſſes. Has not then the Night
Been long enough, but you muſt love by Day?
Do *Fauſta*, do, be ſtifled with the Joy.
Follow him from thy Chamber to the Grove,
To Garden haunts, and claſp him in the Bowers,

Thence

Thence to your golden Beds again, while I
Sink to my Grave, and there forgotten, lye. *Exit. Serena.*
Ari. Criſpus to court *Serena* for his Friend,
His Picture ſhe ſhall have it——Miſchief, Hell?
And if it be thy Will thy Slave obeys.
Criſpus and *Annibal*, that late were Friends——
Shall ſtrait be foes. But huſh, the Lovers come.——
This Cloſet hides me to diſcover more.

Enter Criſpus *and* Fauſta.

This Cloſet be my School, to learn their Language.
Fauſta. Your Fathers Trumpets call you. Let 'em call,
You ſhall not go. Oh are there any Sounds
To charm, more powerful than your *Fauſta's* Cries?
Criſp. No, not the Tongues of Angels! O beſt Joy
Of my abounding Soul! What ſhall I call thee?
By Heav'n, thou art all Heav'n, all Paradiſe.
Talk not then of going from thee: for, I'll ſtay till Age
Has ſnow'd a hundred Winters on my Head,
Yet give and take Enjoyments then, as now.
Fauſt. And oh, for thee, thou deareſt of the World,
My Souls beſt Life, and my Hearts graſp'd Deſire,
Oh what Return! The Mother on her throws,
After the Rack when hanging o're her Babe,
With bleeding Joys, wild Looks, and earning Smiles,
Loves not her Darling more than I love *Criſpus*.
Thou ſhalt not leave me, *Criſpus*.
Criſp. Yes, to meet again;
Our Loves approv'd, by him that gave me Being,
And then——
Fauſt. What then? He dooms me to that place,
Where in his Shrowd the poor *Maximian* lies,
Where I ſhall lye as I had never been,
Nor think of *Criſpus* more.——
Criſp. Canſt thou fear Death,
While I have Life?
Fauſt. Oh do not truſt thy Father!
Truſt not the Paſſions of a Conquerour;
For in his fatal Look, when laſt he left me,
Something I ſaw, that bid me fly his Preſence.
Fly to the Verge of Earth, and leap the bounds,
Rather than ever meet his Eyes again.
Criſp. Thy Father's Fate makes thee miſtruſt thy own.
Fauſt. No *Criſpus*, not Miſtruſt, but certain Danger;

Which

Which like a moulding Promontory hangs,
Burſting above our Heads; and threatens Death,
Unleſs we Houſe betimes, and ſcape the fall.
Criſp. What danger? Death? What fall?
Fauſt. Thy Father.
Criſp. Ha!
Fauſt. Thy Father, *Criſpus*.
Criſp. Knows not we are marry'd,
But ſhall, and will I hope forgive my paſſion.
Fauſt. I dream't laſt night, thy Father was in love;
In love with me, my *Criſpus*; catch'd us claſp'd,
And with his Dagger, ſtabb'd us in the fold;
Criſp. Is't poſſible?
Fauſt. Moſt true.
Criſp. And catch't thee with me?
Fauſt. Catch't us in bed.
Criſp. There?
Fauſt. Here. Why doſt thou wonder?
'Twas but a dream.
Criſp. Yet there is wonder in 't.
Becauſe, by Heav'n, I dreamt the very ſame.
Is it not ſtrange?
Fauſt. If it ſhould happen true!
Criſp. That would be ſtrange indeed.
Fauſt. Therefore let's fear the worſt: and Arm againſt it;
For oh, Why ſhould I hide a ſecret from thee?
When I beheld him laſt, He languiſhed,
And wrung my hand at parting.
Criſp. But what ſaid he?
Fauſt. I will not tell you *Criſpus*, till you anſwer
What you would do with me, my deareſt Joy,
If it were true indeed, your Father lov'd me.
Criſp. What, at your parting? ha!
Fauſt. Why if 't were true,
Would you forſake me?
Criſp. Be my own murderer!
I know not what, but ſpeak your parting. Oh!
Fauſt. Why are you ſo enrag'd? I dare not tell you.
Criſp. If ought thou hid'ſt, by Heav'n thou doſt not love me.
Fauſt. By Heav'n! I hope no other Heav'n, but thee.
What if he talkt alittle? Age will talk,
And think of it no more. *Trumpets ready for a Call.*
Criſp. What was your talk?
I'le know each ſyllable.
Fauſt. Why ſo you ſhall:

But

But then be calm; What if he talk't of love?
And what? Oh be not angry, and I'll tell you,
What if to save my life I promis'd him?——
Crisp. Ha! promis'd *Fausta*?
Promise the Father and engage the Son?
But speak, I stand upon a Precipice;
For if 'tis true, that e're so little past
Of love before——
Faust. What then?
Crisp. And thou hast promis'd?
Faust. Suppose I have Sworn.
Crisp. Suppose then thy dishonour:
Suppose me never to behold thee more;
Suppose my death; both Soul and Bodies ruin.
Faust. Suppose no more, but what my Soul hath Sworn,
To love his Son, none but the lovely *Crispus*;
O therefore clear thy brow, and take me to thee,
Be still my love, forgive this little fault,
And jealousie shall ne're offend thee more.
Crisp. O Charmer! Beauty, What! where was the need?
Why hast thou kept me on the Rack so long?
Tho taken down, I feel the strains upon me,
And shall, I fear, too long. But hark, they call, *Trumpets.*
And I must go.
Faust. But will you then return?
Crisp. Quick as thy wishes, or my own desires;
But make no more such Tryal. Hark again. *Trumpets again.*
Faust. I cannot part with you, tho for a moment.
Crisp. I'll but enquire whether my Father's come.
Faust. Swear to come back then, Swear before you see him,
To give me one look more.
Crisp. What needs an Oath?
Before I speak with him——
Faust. You'l speak with me,
For I have much to say of mighty moment;
Swear therefore to return.
Crisp. Swear on thy Lips;
Thus with my Heart I seal my Vows for ever. *Ex. Crispus.*
Faust. Heart and the Holiest Vows deep writ in Blood;
Blood and dishonor: Take then, take my cause;
Thou, that hast made me sin, O mighty love!
And let thy Mother plead it with her Tears,
He sees his Father, and my crime at once;
And then resolves never to see me more.

Enter Arius. *Call* Dalmatius, Crispus, *all Attendants.*

Arius. What then ?

Fauſt. What then ! O *Arius*, Doſt thou know me?
And ask what then, when he ne're ſees me more ?
I'll tell the then, I'll never ſee the day
Shades, Night and Death, Deſpair and Dungeons hold me,
When thoſe dear Eyes ſhall never light me more.

Arius. Since you enjoy'd him, let the Tides of love
Be ſwallow'd in the Ocean of Ambition.

Fauſt. Ambition, Pomp, and greatneſs of the World,
All empty ſounds to love ! But thine's a downward ſenſe,
Thou haſt no taſt of theſe ſublimer joys.
But haſte! look out; Why comes he not again?
He ſwore, he would; but he has ſeen his Father!
Who ſtops him, with my firſt unhappy Contract.

Arius. I ſee him yonder.

Fauſt. Bleſſings on thy Tongue;
But I'll run forth to meet him, and no longer,
Conceal the Innocent deceit of Love.

Arius. Hold Madam, ſtay, *Dalmatius* comes; retire,

Fauſt. Dalmatius ! Let me ſee my ſelf.

Arius. They come.

Fauſt. Dalmatius! Gods, 'tis He, He tells him all;
Th' Emperor told it him. Nay it muſt out,
I am loſt, undone: But gentle *Arius*, wait,
And watch, and bring me word, how *Criſpus* beats it.
Oh that I were a Spirit to ſtand unſeen!
To mark his paſſions how they riſe and fall,
With every Glance of thoſe dear, dreadful Eyes:
But ſee they come, and yet I cannot ſtir,
I grow diſtracted with my hope and fear,
Compell'd to go; yet long to tarry here. *Ex. Fauſta.*

Enter Dalmatius *and* Criſpus *to* Arius.

Dalm. I have much againſt you, *Criſpus*; and you know it;
Therefore with all the freedom of a friend,
Tell me what is the cauſe, you have not been
So free as formerly.

Criſp. You know I am.

Dalm. I'll preſs you Sir, no more; only remember,
There ſtands a Villain, whom I have ſeen you whiſper. *Ex. Arius.*

Criſp. I'll tell you all.

Dalm. You.

Dalm. You dare not: Come there is a guilt at bottom,
You bluſh to own, a Crime of ſuch a nature,
As will admit no Pardon. Thou haſt ſin'd
Againſt the great Divinity of friendſhip;
Which my Soul takes to death.
Criſp. Can it be
Ever too late to gain a Pardon here?
Dalm. I cannot tell; Yet I can tell thee this,
There was a time, not many days are paſt,
Since I preferr'd thy friendſhip to the World;
When I cou'd ſay; Why yonder goes the Man,
Whom my Soul worſhips more then *Conſtantine*,
And Loves beyond my Son. By Heav'n thy fault
Is ominous, and grinds my temper through.
Criſp. That Son you nam'd unhappily 's in Love.
Dalm. Then He's a Fool. With whom?
Criſp. Maximians Daughter;
The younger Beauty.
Dalm. Ha! And you Love the Elder:
My life on't ſome ſuch maſterly deſign;
This makes you ſhun the Camp, to lurk beneath
The Eeves of Palaces, and droop in Corners.
But Sir your Pardon. I almoſt forgot
To urge your ſwifteſt ſpeed, to wait your Father.
Criſp. I will but take my leave.
Dalm. I fear there is
Too much already taken; but no more ——
If you have ought to ſay, I'll viſit for you.——
Criſp. Be all as you would have it! Oh your hand!
Nay, I will force my Entrance to your Heart,
By opening all my own; and ſo farewell. *Ex. Criſpus.*
Dalm. I blame my friend for walking in the Dark,
Yet hide my ſelf, who when I ſeem moſt ſtrange
Am fondeſt of his Love. So Sir, What now?

Enter Anniball.

Annib. The fair *Conſtantia* with condemn'd *Lycinius*,
Dreſt in the ſaddeſt Glaſs of dying ſorrow,
Was coming to entreat you for his Pardon;
But ſoon as ſhe had heard from weeping *Arius*,
Her Husbands doom, ſhe in our Arms Expir'd.
Dalm. I mourn her Fate; But for *Lycinius*,
I urg'd at firſt, and ſtill reſolve, his Death
Is neceſſary to the Emperors life

Nor ſhould a few weak drops by Women ſhed,
Stop a Decree ſo Abſolute and Royal.
Annib. He comes attended with a mournful crowd,
To ſue for life.
Dalm. I'll have him Executed in their view;
Yes *Anniball*, and ſhew thy Youth a pattern
Of the old *Romans*, for thy imitation:
Who haſt but poorly Copy'd from thy Father.
Annib. Why Sir? What Villain has traduc'd my Vertue?
Dalm. No Villain, but thy Prince has own'd thy weakneſs;
And ſays thou Lov'ſt a Captive Foe of *Rome*.
Annib. The Virgin's beautiful, and greatly born.
Dalm. Perhaps the Virgin may as greatly die,
And yield her Beauties to the Fatal ſtroke.
Annib. To the Fatal ſtroke! Oh all ye Powers!
No Sir: The fair *Serena* ſhall not die
While I wear this.
Dalm. Ha Rebel! Traytor! How!
Not at the Emperors Doom?
Annib. No nor at yours,
That gave me Sir my being; take it again,
Unleſs you give me leave to lay it there,
Where I have plac'd my Love.
Dalm. The Emperor
Decrees thee *Cappadocia:* Wilt thou forfeit
The noble Heritage of ſuch Ambition
For Infamous Love?
Annib. Wrong not a Paſſion,
That equals your own Virtue. For could *Cæſar*
Give with a Daughter of his own the World,
I would preſer my Love in this Condition,
To all the proffers of his Blood and Empire.
Dalm. Hence from my ſight; And till thou break'ſt this paſſion,
See me no more.
Annib. Then I muſt never ſee you.
For when I ceaſe to Love, where I have vow'd,
I am no more: Therefore upon my Knees,
I beg you to recall this dreadful ſentence.
Repeal my Baniſhment, and give me leave,
To win the Heart of this unhappy Maid,
Or bid me die before you.
Dalm. Riſe my Boy:
Thou Lov'ſt indeed, who canſt refuſe a Kingdom.

Enter Arius,

Enter Arius, Lycinius, Labienus, Eubolus, *with the Populace.*

But ſee *Lycinius* with his followers here,
Take to the habit of thy former Wars;
And ſoften not my Juſtice by thy ſorrows.
Annib. I have heard *Lycinius* lately threatned you,
Therefore your Guardians Eye be watchful o're you.
Dalm. Fear not, I'm Arm'd againſt 'em. Know, *Lycinius*,
The Emperor has decreed to ſhew his Subjects,
What weary'd Mercy dares reſolve to do.
Cleanthes; you the Captain of the Guard:
Lead to the *Forum*, and in the Peoples view
Strike off his Head.
Lycin.——I bear the ſentence as becomes my Honour:
And all the favour which I beg in Death,
Is to reveal a ſecret to your Ear,
Which may import the Emperors life, and Yours.
Dalm. What would you Sir?
Lycin. My Lord, Are you in earneſt?
Or is there room for hope?
Dalm. Sir, be not flatter'd:
Hope is the fawning Traytor of the mind,
Which while it cozen's with a colour'd friendſhip,
Robs us of our laſt Vertue, Reſolution.
Lycin. Speak then the force of Reſolution——Thus.
Annib. No Villain——Thus. Annibal *diſarms and offers to Stab him.*
Dalm. Hold, *Annibal*! Hold thy Hand.
An executioner in the beſt of Cauſes,
Is a vile trade for Honourable men;
Therefore let ſlaves diſpatch him.
Annib. Rack him Firſt,
To know who counſel'd him to this damn'd deed?
Dalm. No: To *Sylveſter* let him own his fault,
And die a Chriſtian, I am ſatisfy'd.
Lycin. Ha ha!——A Chriſtian! What and fall a Sheep?
Confeſs! No, as he urg'd, bring forth the Rack:
Wire-draw my Limbs, Spin all my Nerves like Hairs,
And work my tortured Fleſh as thin as Flame,
You ſhall not know a title more then this;
I was ſet on to ſtab *Dalmatius*;
And would the Emperor, were he in my reach.
Who were the Gods that prompted thus my Arm,
You Chriſtian Curs ſhall never know from me;

Therefore

Therefore go learn the Myſtery in Hell.
Thus much I may acquaint you; They are living,
Warm in your Boſoms, and I hope will ſting you;
Sting you to Death. Plagues, Famine, Sword, and Fire;
Fire from the Gods on your proud City fall;
And with that dying Curſe I leave you all. *Ex. Guarded.*

Dalm. His Fate was juſt; now *Romans* to the Triumph;
Go forth and meet your Emperor, whoſe mercy
Extends her peaceful Wings to all that ſeek him;
And is the Darling attribute of his Soul.
But hark! He comes! The Saviour of your Empire;
Bring forth his Statues; Crown his Images;
Meet him with Garlands, Songs and Shouts of Triumph.
But ſee his entrance is already made,
And there He comes, with *Criſpus* in his Arms.

Enter Conſtantine, Criſpus, *&c. To the Triumph.*

Conſt. Dalmatius, I muſt thank thee for the Fate,
Of that too ſtubborn troubler of our Reign;
Sylveſter to his Hermitage retires,
And ſays the Saints are ſad at my delay:
Tell him, e're long, and urge him to return,
The Emperor and the Court ſhall be Baptiz'd.

Dalm. Take to your former freedom, Mirth and Humor,
For 'tis obſerv'd, you are not as you were.

Conſt. Oh Brother! Friend! In all my hazards try'd,
This Son ſhall ſhare the Heart and Empire too,
Of my lov'd *Criſpus*, whom for ſome few minutes,
I would diſcourſe alone.

Dalm. Your wiſhes on you;
Peace to your thoughts, and Heaven ſtill guide your Councils. *Exeunt.*
Manent Conſtantine, Criſpus.

Conſt. Haſt thou perform'd thy Embaſſy, my *Criſpus*?
And ſeen the Daughter of *Maximian*?

Criſp. I have ſeen Her Sir; And ſeen Her Beauteous Siſter.

Conſt. How lik'ſt thou? Ha! Are they not charming both?
Both Beautiful?

Criſp. They are. But why Sir both?

Conſt. Becauſe the latter only Catch'd thy praiſe,
When *Fauſta* in the Pride of blooming Nature,
As much tranſcends her as the Summers Roſe
The little Beauties of a backward Spring.

Criſp. 'Tis true, She is the Elder.

Conſt. And the fairer,

In

In all comparisons to be prefer'd,
Not only to her Sister, but the World.
Crisp. Is't possible?
Const. That thou should'st be so dull,
To ask the Question, having seen the wonder!
Crisp. But Sir, when I was sent you talk't of Death.
Const. Death to my self, and thee, and all mankind,
Rather then wound a part of my *Lov'd Fausta.*
Crisp. Oh Heav'n! What said you? Do you Love her then?
Const. Love her my Son! In Age I Love her more,
Then in my Youth I Lov'd the chace of Glory.
Crisp. And does she know you Love her?
Const. Know? Approves;
Approving joyn'd, and Seal'd the Contract sure.
Crisp. Death and Despair! Approv'd, Joyn'd, Seal'd, Contracted!
How Seal'd? And how Contracted?
Const. Why our Lips
Have Sign'd and Seal'd an Everlasting Love.
Crisp. What, kiss'd her? Ha! But I'm too Credulous:
All you have said is but to try my temper,
How much your Son can bear.
Const. I must confess,
Thy fears were just, had'st thou another Father;
But as I am, I swear what ever Issue
I have by *Fausta*, Thou shalt Heir my Power.
Crisp. Talk not of Power, but tell me of your Love:
Distract me not with these Ambiguous Answers,
But tell me; Swear to save my loss of reason,
If as you Love, you are by *Fausta* Lov'd.
Const. That I Love *Fausta*; it as true by Heav'n,
As I Love thee; But whether I am Lov'd,
With just return, is hard indeed to swear:
Yet as I said before, our Hands have joyn'd,
Our Lips have seal'd, and binding Oaths have past.
Crisp. What Oaths?
Const. Betrothing Oaths.
Crisp. Oh, All ye Saints!
Are you contracted too?
Const. Ay *Crispus*, we 're contracted;
Weep not my Son; I swear by this Embrace,
Thou shalt not less be Lov'd then heretofore.
Crisp. Betroth'd! Oh Heav'n! And have you Sir enjoy'd her?
Const. No *Crispus*; That's a Heav'n I have to come.
Crisp. A Hell! All Hell! And if not yet enjoy'd,
Let me conjure you by my Mothers ashes,

Touch

Touch her not for the World.

Const. What means my Son?
I have decreed to marry her this Night;
And taſt the ſweets of long expected joys.

Criſp. By Heav'n I ſwear thoſe ſweets have poiſon in 'em,
Bane to your Soul, your Empire, Life and Glory.

Conſt. Take heed my *Criſpus*, that thou do not wrong her;
I know the hazard of Succeſſion frights thee.

Criſp. No: By your ſacred life; nothing but Honour
Provokes me in the point: She's falſe, forſworn,
And to my certain knowledg loves another.
Oh! Therefore touch her not; and to convince you,
That Empire could not work me thus: This night
I'll turn a Hermit, and renounce the World.

Conſt. If ſhe be falſe: I know his temper well;
And nature cannot make ſuch faults o'th' ſudden,
If ſhe be falſe! By Heav'n, thou haſt moved me *Criſpus*:
But ſpeak the Traitors name, who thus has wrong'd me.

Criſp. Pardon me, Sir, his name; He could not wrong you,
Becauſe he knew not.

Conſt. What?

Criſp. Your Love.

Conſt. His name,
There's more in this; His name, again I charge thee,
Not only name him, but produce his perſon;
Or I ſhall think all forgery thou haſt ſworn.

Criſp. O let me beg you, wed her not to night,
And when I ſee you next, I'll tell you more;
Perhaps betray the Innocent to Death.

Conſt. Let that be prov'd; I ſwear he ſhall not die,
Thou art it ſeems his friend as well as mine;
But look you calm the Tempeſt you have rais'd,
Or I will make thee ſtranger to my Soul. *Ex. Conſtantine.*

Criſp. Solus. I am content; if that ſome pitying Power,
Would make make me too a ſtranger to my ſelf:
But hold my Heart a while, till I have found her.
Yet there's a lucid joy in theſe diſtractions;
To know he has not bedded her; then had follow'd,
Her death and mine, and conſequent Damnation:
Yet leſt ſhe ſhould conſent, I'll haſte, and warn her;
When warn'd I'll watch, and if ſhe after Yield,
Through *Love* or *Fear*, to his Inceſtuous charms,
I'll ruſh through all and ſtabb her in his Arms. *Exit.*

End 2d. Act.

The

The Third Act: Scene 1*ſt*.

Enter Annibal *and* Serena.

Annib. IS this your Anſwer then, You cannot love me?
This the Reward for Offers of my Blood?
And braving a ſtern Father to preſerve you?
This the Effect of *Criſpus* Eloquence!
To make his Friend a moſt untimely Grave?
For, bear it as you pleaſe, or laugh or grieve,
I will not be a Trouble to you long.

Seren. What ſhall I ſay? Alas! I might delude you, *Annibal*,
Like other faithleſs Beauties of the Age;
But the Gods fram'd me of ſo plain a Temper,
I cannot hide my Thoughts,
Though to my undoing.
But ſomething more there is, if you could bear it,
To turn your deſp'rate Love for ever from me.

Annib. Produce it then; for, what can Nature ſhew me
Than Death more dreadful, wilder than Deſpair,
Which now are my Familiars?

Seren. Take it, Sir,
The only Secret of my wounded Soul.
I love, I languiſh, and deſpair like you.

Annib. What, do you love another?

Seren. Love him to death, nor does he know I love him;
Or if he did, he would not make Return.

Annib. Can this be poſſible! But where, where is he?
That I may ruſh with all my Rage upon him,
And bear him with me, to the other World.

Seren. Nor for a thouſand Worlds you muſt not hate him.

Annib. Plagues! Curſes on his Head, Rage and Deſpair.
Is this then the Return of all my Vows,
To make my ſetting yet more deep in Blood?
But give me quick his Quality and Name.

Seren. His Name! what, after ſuch Reſolves of Vengeance!
Your Fate and mine ſhould not compell it now.

Annib. What, not to ſave my Life!

Seren. No: for what Life can ſtand in Competition,

When his is threaten'd? Better you, and I,
And all the reſt of humane Kind, ſhould periſh,
Than he, the Maſter-piece of Nature, ſuffer.
And ſhould you know him, ſpite of your Reſolves,
Sir, you would kneel and worſhip too like me.
Annib. Show me the God then, if I muſt adore.
Seren. No, ſince you have ſworn, I ſhould do ill to truſt you:
Yet, for his Preſervation, I muſt tell you,
When e're he dies *Serena* too ſhall bleed.
From the ſame hand, the ſame Diſpatch I crave,
And, if at laſt one Monument we have,
What Joys can Life compare with ſuch a Grave! } *Exit.*

Enter Arius *with* Criſpus *Picture.*

Annib. Death, Hell, and Furies; if my Sword have Charms,
Which never fail'd me yet, I'll find him out;
This Rival God——
And drive him from the World.
Ari. Ha! Goes it there?
Then to my Task!
Annib. *Arius* in Contemplation!
'Twere worth my while to ſpy; *Criſpus* Picture!
Forgive me *Arius*, if I rob your Hand
Of what's ſo deep ingraven in my Heart.
For whom this pretty Preſent?
Ari. Your Pardon——The Myſtery is one of Loves great Secrets.
Annib. *Criſpus* in Love, and hide it from his Friend!
From *Annibal*, that open'd all to him!
'Twas much unkind: *Arius* I am concern'd:
And you muſt tell me where his Heart's engag'd,
E're I return the Picture.
Arius. Sir, I am in haſte;
And dare not tell her Name; therefore I beg you:
She waits my coming.—Good my Lord,——ſhe loves
To that degree, each Moments Stay is Death:
Therefore, let me conjure you.
Annib. Thou doſt but raiſe my Admiration more:
Therefore, your Buſineſs, or farewel.——
Arius. Stay, Stay!
My Lord, you are his Friend! yet 'tis a Breach
Of Truſt: but ſince there is no other help,
And the fair Miſtreſs of his Heart may pine
To death upon the loſs; reſtore the Picture,
And take the Secret, Sir: her Name's *Serena.*

Annib.

Annib. Traitor, thou ly'ſt: and, but thy Robe protects thee,
Should'ſt feel, even now, th' Effects of my Revenge.
Ari. To clear th' Aſperſion, hear it Sir, your ſelf,
And to *Serena*'s Face, I'll juſtifie
The Secret of her Love; tho *Criſpus* kill me.
Annib. By Heav'n, thou doſt recall a dreadful Image:
Of late I met him e're I made my Viſit
To Her thou haſt nam'd, and aſk'd him of my Love!
He ſeem'd in haſte! his Anſwers were abrupt;
His Count'nance ſad: and thus in ſhort return'd;
Hunt not the Bubble Beauty, like a Boy;
Fall like a Man: and let your Reſt be Fame.
And ſo it ſhall: If what thou ſay'ſt be true,
I'll level him with Earth.
Arius. What ſaid you, Sir?
Annib. Yet I will have more Proof; ſhe ſhall, her ſelf,
Be witneſs to the Fall of this high Virtue:
Then Friendſhip to the Winds, like meeting Tides,
We'll fight the Tempeſt out, nor give it o're,
Till one lies daſh't, and broken on the Shore. *Exit.*
Ari. Thus far the Devil is the beſt mounted yet,
And Hereſie at laſt ſhall win the Race.

Enter Labienus *and* Eubolus.

Ha! *Labienus* here,
And my *Eubolus*; We ſhall ſhortly govern.
Labi. I met the Emperour of late, alone;
Who ask'd for you.
Ari. I'll inſtantly attend him.
Where is his Son?
Eubol. I left him with *Dalmatius*.
Ari. Unloading his ſick Heart upon his Friend.

Enter Dalmatius *and* Criſpus.

But ſee, the Maſter *Enemy*'s at hand;
Sculk to your Poſts, and dive in Miſts away. *Ex. Ari. Lab. Eub.*
Criſp. Now my *Dalmatius*, now thou haſt my Heart,
And make good uſe on't, if I ne're ſee thee more.
By Heav'n, my Friend, I have not hid a Point
Of that ſad Story that muſt make my Ruine.
Dalm. Would thou hadſt told me half of it before!
I might have ſav'd thee many a Sigh and Tear:
Pray Heav'n no worſe come on't; but 'tis no time

T' upbraid thee now; What wou'dst thou have me do?
Crisp. Perswade my Father from enjoying her,
For if that be to night, as once he vow'd,
Thou shalt behold thy *Crispus* dead to morrow.
Dalm. And what of *Fausta*?
Crisp. I know not what.
That subtle, false one, that has thus deceiv'd me,
And with her charms enslav'd my innocent Soul:
But I will hence.
Dalm. For what?
Crisp. To execute
The Vows I made.
Dalm. Go then and kill her.
Crisp. Ha!
Dalm. Kill th' Adulteress: This incestuous Charmer:
And have her born in Triumph to thy Father:
Then tell thy Tragick story like a Man;
And greatly thus Atone for both your Crimes.
Crisp. Farewell: I'll find another way to end her.
Dalm. Tongue——kill her, go: or swear and be forsworn,
Thou ne're wilt see her more. Heav'n! That a Man
Born to the Empire of the World, should dote
On such slight stuff as Woman!
Crisp. See my Father,
Look thou to Him, as I'll be guard on Her.
Incest! Dishonour! To all future Ages——
Think,——Think on that—— and push him from his ruine. *Ex.* Crispus.

Enter Constantine, Sylvester, Dalmatius.

Const. What say the People to the rumour spred
Of my new Contract?
Sylv. All the Christians mourn,
And sicken in their Souls, as if Heav'n warn'd
The Earth, of some unheard Calamity:
The Heathens on the other side rejoice,
And cry, a Persecution is at hand.
Const. No matter to the point; Knowst thou the man,
Whom *Fausta* Loves?
Sylv. I told you Sir before,
I would be dumb for ever on this Theam.
Const. Yet this implies thou knowst, but wilt not show him:
All know him, all, all but he that shou'd;
For *Crispus* has confess'd,
Yet hides the name;—— But I'll find out one,

Less

Less meriting respect, whom Racks shall force.
Dalm. If you intend your Empires safety, Sir,
Cast *Fausta* from your Bosom; Turn her out;
Away with her —— far let her be Exil'd,
With all her race; For Death is in her Beauty.
Const. My Brother offer this!
Death in her Beauty?
Dalm. Violent, sudden Death;
Death to your Health, and Ruine to your Glory.
Const. Perhaps he is the man. Her Lover! Yes:
And thus conceals his flame with Covert rage,
For else what Cause could thus provoke his Passion?
What is the Publick Interest here concern'd?
Their murmurings, or their joys; which with a nod,
My Power can hush. By Heav'n there's more at bottom,
And I will find it out; Their looks betray e'm:
Priest: Princes: all engag'd; and for some great one.

Enter Arius.

But hold——here comes my Man! Brother I've thought
And will consider further what you urg'd,
Against my Wife.
Dalm. We leave you to Heav'ns care,
And wish you to beware that waiting Fiend. *Ex.* Dalm. Sylv.
Const. So, now your business, *Arius*!
Arius. Sir.
Const. Your business?
The Coast is clear; be your Confession so;
And speak what all the Court have sworn to hide.
Arius. Sir, *Labienus* gave me your Commands,
That I shou'd wait.
Const. Dost thou dally with me?
Thou knowst the least of thy Enormous Crimes
Deserve a lengthen'd death: Think on thy Treason,
Atheism, Blasphemies against the Highest;
Think on the purpos'd murther of my Brother,
Wrought by thy Charms, thou damn'd one; after this,
Let thy affrighted Soul despise my wrath,
And if she dares be dumb to my demands.
Arius. What must I Answer?
Const. Give me Truth for Truth.
Once more then; And this warning be thy last,
Show me the robber of my hearts repose,
Friend to my *Crispus*, but his Fathers Foe;

The

The Conquering Rival of my ravish'd Love.

Arius. What, has your Son reveal'd?

Const. He says she's false; but tells me not to whom;
Swears she's foresworn: And when I see him next,
I shall know more.

Arius. What if you never see him?

Const. Why dost thou start a Question so unlikely?

Arius. I cannot think he will betray his Friend;
He who betrays his friend, betrays himself;
And rather than do that, I judge he'll leave
your sight, The Empire, and his Love for ever.

Const. Love, *Arius*! Ha! His Love! What Love? To whom?

Arius. Why Love to you:
What other Love shou'd *Crispus* entertain?
He has no Mistress sure!

Const. Thou seem'st to hint,
As if he had: Mark thy foregoing words:
He who betrays his friend, betrays himself:
By Heav'n! Thou hast set my anxious Soul a' work.
For when thou saidst; he has no Mistress, sure——
Thy meaning was, to make me think he had;
And that this Mistress could be none but *Fausta*.

Arius. I hope, dread Sir, you will not wrest my words,
And Innocent thoughts to any evil purpose.

Const. What! at your tricksagon? Be quick my Traitor,
And spread at once thy double heart before me;
Dost thou not judge my Son, his Father's Rival?

Arius. If you would know my Heart, indeed, I do.

Const. Why, what a Devil wert thou then to deny't?
So pittifully play the Hypocrite;
And screw that lying Face into a show
Of Innocence,
When nature stampt thee for a Villain!

Arius. Forgive me, Sir, if I avow 'twas fear,
Not Villany that made me hide my thought.

Const. All fear, but fear of Heav'n, betray's a guilt;
And guilt is Villany. But let thy fear
Produce what past betwixt the wicked pair;
Show me th' Adulteress and Adulterer;
Where, how and when, this Incest was Committed,
Who was the Instrument and Cursed Bawd,
And damn'd contriver of their horrid joys.

Arius. Oh Heav'n!

Const. O Hell! For there shalt thou be hurl'd,
And rost in Sulphur, if Thou not tell me all;

Thou,

Thou, who perhaps thy self wer't the Contriver,
The Bawd I nam'd, and Instrument of their lust.
Arius. Hold Sir! And I'll confess: I've seen your Son
Oftner then I have wish'd, attend your *Fausta*,
And seen him late from her Apartment come;
I've heard him praise her long, and when the praise
Was finish'd, sigh, that he durst praise no longer:
At least I thought so, but my thought 's no proof.
Const. No *Arius*, not enough for *Crispus* Death,
But there's enough to turn my Spirit from him,
To make me loath his form; When next we meet,
From Head to Foot to measure him with my Eye,
Both as an Object of my scorn and hate.
Arius. That Love has past betwixt 'em past doubt,
But for enjoying———
Const. Knowst thou ought of that?
Arius. Not I, by Heav'n!
Const. Why didst thou start it then?
Arius. Sir to be satisfi'd, what you wou'd do,
Upon the demonstration.
Const. Both shou'd bleed,
Both dye, as sure as we are living, *Arius*;
For him, 'twere sacriledge to think to save him,
If thus he has transgress'd; not then my vows,
Not all the Conquests of his blooming Years,
With my whole Empires Knees and lifted Hands:
Not the remembrance of his Mothers Tears,
When on her death-bed, she bequeathed his safety
To my best Care and Love, shall once redeem him.
Arius. What shall be done to him that finds the truth?
Const. Reward and Honour. He shall be my friend.
Arius. I ask no more; henceforth I'm yours;
To search, tho at the Peril of my life
The bottom of this business.
Const. Say and do———
But send my Wardrobe now, to *Fausta*'s side,
Bear her the Diadem, with stile of Empress:
And say this night I bed Her.
Arius. That will prove her——
If she refuse; You know Sir what to judge.
Nor would it be amiss to break discourse,
About your Son, and sift her subtle Soul.——
Const. I apprehend thee: But as I commanded———
Away——Oh *Constantine!* Yet e're this search,
Whatever comes, Remember he's thy Son;

Son

Son of thy Love, and once was next thy Soul.
But as the beſt are worſt, when once corrupted,
If he has ſinn'd at all, he has ſinn'd to Death;
The Thought diſtracts me; Heav'n remove this Trouble,
Or I ſhall run to my old Gods again.
But huſh awhile: I'll bear my Paſſion cold,
I'll curb it while the Reins of Reaſon hold;
But if they break, then Nature, where's thy Call?
Be deaf to Reaſon, Nature, Judgment, All——
The Precipice is Fate; and if we roul,
The Fault is theirs that fool'd us with a Soul. *Exit.*

Scene II.

Enter Criſpus *with a Dagger, and* Fauſta.

Fauſt. HOld, hold thy hand——
Criſp. Think not I meant to kill Thee——
No, thou ſeducer, were thy Stains more deep
Think not too, Deſpair, and Rage cou'd ſo unman me
To hurt a Woman. Yet thou ſhalt hear me *Fauſta*:
And if the Story of thy Crimes can kill thee,
I'll lay thy Wounds wide open to the Air;
Diſplay the Perjuries of thy bleeding Heart,
And to thy Inceſt, add at laſt a Murder.
Fauſt. Stab with thy Dagger then; but let thy Tongue
Deſtroy no more.
Criſp. Oh all ye Powers, who that had known laſt Night,
The Joys which I have known, could once have thought it?
Who that had heard her Vows, when on my Breaſt,
Weary'd with Oaths, and out of Breath with Kiſſes
She panting ſwore! And wiſh'd Deſtruction ſeize her,
If ſhe were not content, ſo one night more
Her raviſh'd Soul like that might entertain,
To live her Miſeries and paſt Life again.
Fauſt. By all thoſe Powers you name, and by your own,
I wiſh ſo ſtill.
Criſp. Yet at that very Minute
When thus ſhe ſwore, to know ſhe was forſworn,
Conſcious her Faith was plighted to another!
And who that other pick'd from all Mankind,
To make her more abhor'd, but my own Father?

Fauſt.

Fauſt. What, Load on Load?
Criſp. Her violated Hands
Were plighted faſt with his; and Kiſſes paſt.——
Fauſt. Hold, hold, and let my Tears atone, my Lord,
Or ſink upon the Earth.
Criſp. The Center, *Fauſta*,
The Center cannot hide thee from the Horrors
Of thy own Conſcience, which are my Avengers:
And whereſoe're thou fly'ſt, ſhall follow thee
With inward Hells, for the baſe Wrong thou haſt done me.
Fauſt. O *Criſpus!* never, never, wilt thou end?
Criſp. By Heav'n! I know thy damnable Deſign:
Thou haſt this Night contriv'd to ruine Nature,
To make the Angels ſick with ſuch a Crime,
As equals hers that firſt betray'd the World.
Fauſt. I'll ſtop thee with my Kiſſes!
Criſp. Off Crocodile!
Fauſt. Why uſe thy Ponyard then.
Criſp. Nor that, nor this.
I had deſign'd, 'tis true, to ſtab my ſelf;
But ſecond Thoughts inſtruct me thus to haunt thee;
Like an eternal Fiend to follow thee:
To hollow ſtill Damnation in thy Ear,
And hinder thee from Inceſt with my Father.
Oh horrid Thought!
Fauſt. Oh horrid Thought indeed!
Criſp. Why does it not poſſeſs thee!
Thou fair inſinuating Snake! wouldſt thou then guild thy Poiſon?
Swear on my Ponyard, ſwear, and damn thy ſelf;
Thou haſt not plotted, as this Night, to twiſt
Thy inceſtuous Arms about my Father's Neck!
Fauſt. Yes, I will ſwear. But let me lean my Head
Againſt thy Breaſt, while I recover Breath:
For I am faint with Groans.
Criſp. Oh Heart! Oh Love!
She graſps ſo hard, and locks ſo with her Charms,
I cannot put her from me! *Fauſta!* is't poſſible!
Is it then poſſible! Thou canſt be good?
So good at leaſt, as being thus gone in Sin,
To go no further?
Fauſt. Let me ſwear;
For I will face the Gods in ſuch a Cauſe;
And ſtanding on the Guard of Innocence,
Swear, all I've done was but th' Effect of Love.
Criſp. Again thou'rt fallen; for thou art guilty, *Fauſta*,

Of Impious Treaſons, and inceſtuous Love.

Fauſt. I am not, *Criſpus.*

Criſp. Ha! not guilty, *Fauſta?*
Then farewel all.

Fauſt. Hold, hold, not guilty to my *Criſpus.*
Fall not to Rage again, and I'll confeſs
I was compell'd to be contracted to him:
Not wedded, nor poſſeſt.

Criſp. Why didſt thou hide thy Contract?

Fauſt. Becauſe 'twas forc'd by Fear; nor did I dare
Reveal it to thee, e're I had thee ſure. So much I lov'd thee, *Criſpus,*

Criſp. But what hadſt thou decreed to do to night,
This fatal Night, if that the Emperour
Had ſworn to enjoy thee?

Fauſt. Stop him with my Tears;
Or if they fail'd, to dam his Paſſion thus,
And ſheath this hidden Ponyard in my Heart.

Criſp. Is't poſſible, Thou ſhould'ſt ſo greatly dare?

Fauſt. Yes *Criſpus.* Thou ſhalt ſee by what's to come.
Oh! therefore take me to thy Breaſt, and ſwear——

Criſp. Swear firſt thy ſelf, he never ſhall poſſeſs thee.

Fauſt. What needs an Oath after poſſeſſing Thee?

Criſp. Yet, for the Satisfaction of my Soul,
And Cement of our everlaſting Loves,
Swear thou wilt never.

Fauſt. Never *Criſpus,* never.
By Heav'n and Earth, by all that's great, and holy,
I ſwear thy Father never ſhall embrace me.

Criſp. What never! Oh yet cloſer! Never *Fauſta?*

Fauſt. By all this Dearneſs, never *Criſpus,* never.

Enter Arius.

Arius. What Faults are gone and paſt, it matters not:
But you had beſt beware of what's to come——
Haſte Sir away.——See there the Beds prepar'd—— *Scene draws.*
The Diadem; and Name of Empreſs given——
Your Father's at my Heels! hark! you are warn'd. *Soft Muſick.*
I hear him come, and wiſh you Sir away. *Ex.* Arius.

Criſp. Oh *Fauſta!*

Fauſt. Take no Thought.

Criſp. If he ſhould charm thee,
Or ſcare thee to Compliance——

Fauſt. That diſtruſt
Again! by Heav'n I'll dye before he enters.

Criſp. Hold thee, my Heart! my Life, my Love, my Soul,

I'll

I'll ſtay——and hazard all——but hark! he comes.
I would adviſe——Live, if thou canſt with Honour——
If not——he's here, fall, and I'll follow thee. *Ex.* Criſpus.

Re-enter Arius *with* Conſtantine.

Conſt. Ha *Arius*! ſee'ſt thou there?
Ari. *Criſpus*, I think.
Conſt. Did'ſt thou not ſee him?
Ari. Yes.
Conſt. Why doſt thou then ſuppoſe it but thy Thought?
Ari. Becauſe I do not like his being here.
Conſt. Nor I, by Heav'n! Withdraw; and wait my Call. Ar. *retires.*
What now, my *Fauſta!* Ha! in Tears my Fair!
What, on thy Wedding Night? Why doſt thou fly me?
Am I a Raviſher? Howe're reputed
Bloody in Fields, in Chambers I am gentle
As thy own Thoughts.
Therefore let our Vows be ſeal'd, and then to bed.
Fauſt. What ſaid you, Sir?
Conſt. Why, to Bed my Love;
And hide thy Virgin Fears. Thou wilt be bolder there——
Fauſt. Alas! I dare not.
Conſt. Why?
Fauſt. I've ſworn, my Lord.
Conſt. What, and to whom?
Fauſt. To Heav'n I've ſworn,
Howe're contracted, that I will not wed you.
Conſt. When?
Fauſt. Not to night.
Conſt. When then?
Fauſt. Preſs me no further,
For I can only anſwer with my Tears.
Conſt. Speak, for I'll know th' Extremity to night——
Why then to morrow; but by Heav'n no longer;
For now I've ſworn too.
Fauſt. But I vow'd firſt:
And ſwear again to keep that Vow till Death.
To morrow and to morrow, add to thoſe
Ten Millions more. You never ſhall embrace me——
Conſt. Is't poſſible! after thy Faith was given!
Fauſt. Not given, but by a Conquerour compell'd.
Conſt. And haſt thou rightly ſcan'd the Conquerour's Rage!
Ha! *Fauſta!* haſt thou plac'd thy Fathers Fate
Before thy Eyes? And thought upon thy own?

Fauſt. Juſt to your purpoſe: I'm prepar'd for Death,
Rather than entertain you in my Bed:
Therefore if you ſet down t'enjoy me, Sir,
Or doom me dead, upon the Earth I beg you
To ſpeak your Will. And *Fauſta* ſhall revenge you.
This Ponyard ſtrait ſhall act your vow'd Revenge,
And take her from the World.——

Conſt. Riſe, *Fauſta!* riſe—
By Heav'n I find 'tis vain to ſtrive againſt thee!
Take then what more thou valu'ſt than the World,
And what, in ſpite of me, the Fates ordain thee—
My *Criſpus* for thy Love——

Fauſt. Ah, Sir, what mean you?

Conſt. Why would'ſt thou ſtrive to hide what Nature ſhows?
Dalmatius, *Arius*, and *Sylveſter*, know it:
And over-wrought me for my Empires Safety,
To this great Act to yield thee to my Son.

Fauſt. Did *Arius* too? No ſure, they rather wrought you
To yield me to my Grave——

Conſt. No. To my Throne:
Already 'tis decreed: my *Cæſar* weds thee.
Not but I own I came to work thee from him.
But ſince not Death it ſelf can daunt thy Love,
Forbid it Heav'n, that I ſhould break ſuch Union.
Haſte *Arius!* Call my Son. I'll give him now;
Now while my Reaſon lets me ſee my Dotage.
How ill ſuch Autumn ſuits thy Beauties Spring!
But haſte and bring him, while the heat is on me;
For I will have you wedded in my preſence:
And if thy Heart conſent to make a Turn,
As ſtrange as kind; this Night he ſhall enjoy thee.

Fauſt. Oh Heav'n, inſtruct my Frailty what to anſwer!
Can this be real Sir! is't poſſible?

Conſt. My Council know it, and confirm the Order.

Fauſt. That I ſhall wed your Son?

Conſt. Why thus repeated?

Fauſt. And you approve it?

Conſt. Canſt thou doubt me ſtill?

Fauſt. No. I will own Sir, ſince you approve it:
Own it to Death, I love him more than Life.

Conſt. O *Fauſta!*

Fauſt. Ha! what now? He turns away.
He bluſhes! Gods——I'm loſt, betray'd, undone!
Undone for ever. *Criſpus* is betray'd:
The innocent *Criſpus*——

Conſt.

Const. Guilty, guilty *Crispus*—cannot
And guilty *Fausta*! Guilty both to death;
But most my Son who wrought thee to this ruin.
Fauſt. O ſay not ſo. 'Twas *Fauſta* wrought your Son——
And over Lov'd him, to his own deſtruction,
Therefore as you're powerful, be juſt,
And let the ſtroak of Vengeance light on me.
But Sir for him——
Const. For him each Syllable
Thou plead'ſt in his behalf but wings his death.
Fauſt. By the juſt Heav'ns! And by the Saint that bore you,
By your Religion Sir, I do conjure you,
Spair, ſpair his Innocence——
Const. If thou conſent,
That I this night ſhall wed thee.——
Fauſt. Wed me *Conſtantine!*
Const. *Fauſta*, Why not?
Art thou enjoy'd already, married? Speak, confeſs——
That I may pardon thee——
Fauſt. What you know, you know;
You have betray'd me once, but ſhall no more:
More! There's no more, but that I Love your Son,
And whether he Loves me, the Gods can tell:
I know the natural goodneſs of your temper,
How e're tranſported will not let you kill him.
Therefore I leave you——
Const. Stay and tell me when;
When I may hope Loves Conſummation ſure?
Fauſt. When you behold me Wedded to your Son,
As you engag'd, and paſt your Royal word,
When after many rowling years I bring you
A race of ſmiling Boys to bleſs your Age,
To play about your Throne, and be your *Cæſars:*
Then may your happineſs compleated be,
Then may your Eyes the Conſummation ſee,
But never hope for other joys from me. } *Ex.* Fauſta.
Const. What *Arius!* help and free me from this plunge
Of Love and Nature. She Loves; She Loves to Death;
And tho ſhe hides it, is belov'd agen.
Arius. What's your reſolve? To give her to your Son?
Const. No *Arius*; firſt I'll give her to the Grave——
Reſign my Empire: All——
Arius. Then *Criſpus* dies——
Const. If he has not enjoy'd her, he ſhall live,
For that I Lov'd him once is full as true

As that, tho now he has sin'd, I cannot hate him,
But if enjoy'd! How shall I find it out?
I'll seise and Rack him.

Arius. How Sir, Rack your Son!

Const. By Heav'n 'twas well remember'd by a Villain:
Therefore I swear thou shalt be Rack't thy self.

Arius. Who I, my Lord?

Const. Ay Villain: Traitor, Thou!
I'll Rack the Racker, till I find it out;
For my misgiving Heart says thou know'st more:
Therefore, when next I see thee, bring me proof,
She's not enjoy'd, her vows and vertue clear;
Do't, or thy Death shall teach succeeding Kings——
No more by false reports to be abus'd——
But strait confront th' Accuser with the Accus'd,
To prove the Treasons urg'd against the Throne;
Or show the Sycophants that set 'em on:
So shall the Soveraign pow'r uncloudedly sway.
When such Court Devils, shun the glorious Ray,
And drive like Foggs, before the rising Day, } *Exeunt.*

End 3d. Act.

The Fourth Act: Scene 1st.

Enter Annibal *and* Serena.

Annib. THEN you confess you did bespeak the Picture?
Gods! and you own you Love him! Love the Traitor?

Seren. Call him not Traitor, *Annibal*, he who spoke
The kindest things of you.

Annib. Wondrous kind!
Accurst dissembler! That could speak for me,
But acted for himself.

Seren. Just contrary.
For when by signs, which passion could not hide,
I let him know my Love; he turn'd away,
Shaking his head as loth to understand me,
Anger and pitty combating in his Face,
And with his blushes taught *Serena* shame.

Annib.

Annib. Shameless himself, and Traitor to my friendship!
For all I have heard, your Love has forg'd to save him.
Seren. Heav'n knows 'tis true! Nothing was left unsaid,
To his own disgrace and your Immortal Honour:
In the most melting Terms and sweetest words
That Heart could think, or Friendship could invent;
Therefore forgo my Lord, this fruitless passion,
And speak for *Crispus* as he spoke for you.
Annib. I will; and speak so loud the Gods shall hear me:
There! Take his Picture, feed your hungry passion,
Till with my Sword I carve another feast,
To glut your fatal Eyes——
Seren. Hold; Whither go you?
And what fierce purpose has your Heart in hand?
Annib. I'll tell thee: And if possible force a warmth
In that cold Breast; kindle a dying spark,
In that inhospitable Land of Love;
And never see thee more——I go to die,
To blot my youth and glory from the World;
Tho Conquest waits my Sword, I swear to die,
And make thee sport with my untimely fall.
Seren. To die! By whom? For what?
Annib. For Love of thee.
But if I suffer by the Hand of *Crispus*,
And perjury should prosper in my ruine.
Then you may revel in each others Arms,
And laugh indeed at my ridiculous fortune.
Yet, if revenging Ghosts have power to rise,
Expect me at the Riot of your joys:
With hollow Eyes, to stare you in the Face,
At midnight, look to have your Curtains drawn;
Expect me in your Bed, a Coarse of clay,
To clasp your trembling Limbs with cold embraces,
And print my gelid kisses on your Lips,
So to revenge my death upon your scorn,
And groan about you till the dawning morn—— *Exit.*
Seren. Stay——and I'll tell thee; 'tis impossible——
Crispus already is in Love with *Fausta*——
He's gone to the execution of his purpose——
And *Crispus* must be slain: Why then my Hour
Of Fate is come: What's that to *Crispus* murder?
He's gone to fight; perhaps not give him leave,
But take the Innocent at unawares;
Haste after him, and by thy own destruction,
Prevent both ruins, follow the fate that wafts thee,

And

And let no interrupter croſs thy paſſage. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtantine, Sylveſter, Dalmatius.

Conſt. Were you both Fathers, and in Love like me;
I no more doubt, what you would put in Act,
Than now I doubt my ſelf, who am reſolv'd.
Dalm. On what?
Conſt. On Death.
Sylv. Of whom?
Conſt. Of any man
That knows, yet hides this ſecret Treaſon from me.
Dalm. Has *Criſpus* own'd he Lov's her?
Conſt. Yes, in effect;
For when I firſt reveal'd this contract to him,
He ſtopt me from enjoying her with Oaths.
He knew her falſe, forſworn: To whom? To him;
To him himſelf: For this laſt night I prov'd;
Drawing the ſecret from her by a wile,
Which ſhe before as craftily conceal'd.
Dalm. But have you married and enjoy'd her, Sir?
Conſt. O no; the Ceremonies and the dues,
Without a bluſh were frontleſly deny'd:
In all the Heat of boyling Love deny'd:
Not only from poſſeſſing her that night,
But, matchleſs impudence! deny'd for ever:
Now judge if 'tis not fit I ſhould let go
The ſtrugling Thunder, and deſtroy 'em both.
Dalm. Not both——for yet you have not heard your Son;
Hear him but plead——
Conſt. Then let him plead in time. *Ex.* Dalm.
The Bolts are brandiſh'r, and 'twill be too late,
To lift his blaſted hands, when I have hurl'd.
Sylv. How far Sir, would your utmoſt ſearch extend?
Conſt. To know if Actually they have embrac'd
Each other, as in will th' have done already.
Sylv. Be not too haſty in your Anſwer Sir,
If I ſhould ask what then; What then muſt follow?
Conſt. Death certain, on the inſtant; imminent Death;
Death; And I ſwear not all the Gods ſhall ſave him.
Sylv. Ruin of piety! Not all the Gods!
That your Religion?
Conſt. Oh forgive me, Saint,
I am eaten up with paſſion: So o'rewrought,
With racking Love I knew not what I ſaid.

Whom

Whom thou remember'ſt well, I now adore.
His Death muſt waſh th' inceſtuous Guilt away.
Sylv. Not Inceſt, Sir?
Conſt. Not if he has enjoy'd her?
Silv. No: for to prove the Guilt compleated Inceſt,
You muſt have married and enjoy'd her firſt.
Conſt. True; but what makes his Crime deſerving Death
More than imputed Treaſon, Inceſt, all;
All Faults by Art and Nature joyn'd in one.
If he has touch'd her, ſhe muſt ne're be mine.
And that's a Cauſe ſo pointing to his Fate,
That Death's their due that offer to excuſe him.
Silv. He comes.——I'm ſilenc'd. Nature, now or never.

Enter Criſpus *and* Dalmatius.

Criſp. O Emperour! for I dare not call you Father,
Behold me at your Feet prepar'd for Death.
Conſt. O *Criſpus!* for I muſt not call thee Son,
Juſtice ſurveys thee as a Criminal.
But riſe then and ſpeak; plead like a Man for Life.
Come on, and look thy Father in the Face;
I call thee Traitor, and I'll prove thee one,
Who impiouſly, for all my former Love,
Haſt dar'd to violate my ſacred Bed.
Now anſwer Criminal. What canſt thou ſay
That Sentence ſhould not paſs upon thy Treaſon?
Criſp. Moſt aweful Emperor, my Judge and Father!
Father, alas! I would have offer'd firſt.
But ſince you are not pleas'd it ſhould be ſo,
I'll do as Criminals uſe, and you command:
Thus plead my Innocence at your Judgment-Bar;
If either, Sir, I ſaw or lov'd the Princeſs,
You were the only Cauſe, 'twas you that ſent me:
So far from once but hinting this your Contract,
You told me Sir, her Fate was yet in doubt;
Which made me wonder when I ſaw the Virgin,
So innocent, ſo beautiful, ſo young:
Which Charms did more my Admiration move;
Wonder begot my Pity; that my Love.
Conſt. But if I told you that her Fate was doubtful,
I told you too, ſhe was a Foe to *Rome*;
Therefore, to think of loving her was Treaſon.
Criſp. If Love be Treaſon, Sir, I own I am guilty;
Guilty indeed; becauſe it was a fault,

In any Caſe to wed without your Knowledge:
But yet I hop'd, in time you might forgive me;
And ſo my Conſcience tells me ſtill you would,
Had you not been engag'd your ſelf before.

Conſt. Rebellion, not thy Pardon, was thy Thought:
If otherwiſe, how canſt thou anſwer Traitor,
For not confeſſing all when firſt I met thee?

Criſp. Pardon me Sir, for that I had done too,
Had you not told me firſt you were betroth'd;
But conſcious then, how cloſely I was link'd,
I durſt not tempt your Wrath.

Conſt. How cloſely, Traitor! Haſt thou then enjoy'd her?

Criſp. Can you forgive me?

Conſt. No. By this ſhaking Fleſh
Tho there thy Mother kneelt too by thy ſide.
If thou haſt touch'd her, Death and Curſes on thee.

Criſp. Oh by thoſe Knees and Hands which I muſt hold,
Racks, Racks, and Death; but not your Curſes, Sir.

Conſt. If thou would'ſt have my Bleſſing, ſwear then, ſwear
Thou haſt not enjoy'd her.

Criſp. Swear then to forgive me.

Conſt. Forgive thee, Villain! if thou haſt poſſeſt her,
Speak, or be curſt.

Criſp. I will: but give me time.

Conſt. Let go. What time? Thou haſt confeſs'd already
By that Demand; I ſwear thou haſt enjoy'd her.

Criſp. Swear not, and I'll confeſs this Moment.

Conſt. What!

Criſp. O Heav'n,
What if your Son has plighted holy Vows?

Conſt. Why then I make that Vow and Matriage vain.
Therefore, if thou haſt not embrac'd her yet,
I charge thee, on my Bleſſing, never hope it,
Nor ever think of loving her again.

Criſp. Impoſſibilities! Were you a God,
And doom'd me thus, I could not, Sir, obey you:
For I have ſworn to love her while I have Life;
And if I love her I muſt hope Enjoyment.

Conſt. Death then and Curſes on thy Diſobedience!
Off Villain! Traitor! grovel there on Earth.
What, are you Plotters too? nay, then 'tis time
To haſte his Ruine. Ruine is thy doom;
And wing'd with all my Curſes it ſhall come. *Ex. with* Dalm. & Sylveſter.

Criſp. Dalmatius and *Sylveſter*! Call him back,
And I'll renounce my Love: Heav'n 'tis too much!

But

But hark! I hear a Voice cry, *Crispus* come,
Come to the thoughtless Grave where all is still.
It shall be so: up then, and fall a Man.
Come forth, thou Minister of others Fates,
And be thy Masters now! Where art thou, *Fausta*?
Where is my Love to close my dying Eyes?

Enter Annibal.

Annib. Ha, Traitor! Art thou then prepar'd for Death?
Crisp. Yes *Annibal*, I will receive it calmly,
From any Hand but thine. What have I done
That he should call me Traitor?
Annib. Guard thy self,
Or else by Heav'n thou dy'st.
Crisp. Hold. Is't possible! so quickly?
Can the desire of Empire lose a Friend!
My Father I offended, but not Thee;
Execute then the Ruine which he dooms,
Ungrateful Man. I will not make Defence,
But spread my Arms t'embrace the Death he sends me.
Annib. What thou deserv'st from him I neither know
Nor care, resolv'd upon my own Revenge;
Not but I think the Man who did his Friend
So horrible a Wrong as thou hast done,
Is fit for any Mischief. Therefore guard thee.
Crisp. Never to fight with thee; not tho my Father
Should grant my Love. Therefore I sheath my Sword.
Annib. Traytor, Coward.
Crisp. Oh *Annibal*, I know I am no Traytor.
And thou whose Life I have so oft preserv'd,
Know'st but too well I am no Coward.
Annib. Draw.
Draw then, or perish. By the Gods I'll kill thee: *Strikes him with his Sword.*
Be what thou wilt: and take this to provoke thee.
Crisp. Well *Annibal*. 'Tis well. Thou hast done well.
Yet thus much Villany am I content to bear;
No longer, oh ungrateful for thy sake.
Who injur'st me, yet will not tell the Cause.
But for thy noble Father I will spare thee,
Spare thee thus far; so thou resolve to leave me.
Annib. Not yet. Why then another?
Crisp. But the next
Be mine: Humanity can bear no further. Annib. *falls.*
Annib. I have my Death; and now my Heart relents—

Criſp. Cut off my Hand.

Annib. Criſpus, thou haſt wrong'd me.

Criſp. Speak how, and where? *Enter* Serena.

Annib. See, ſhe comes to tell thee.

Serena, Oh *Serena*! *Dies.*

Criſp. Gone for ever!

Seren. Oh, never to return! and I, alas,
Who could not love again, the wretched Cauſe!

Criſp. The Curſed Cauſe.

Seren. Call me not Curſed, *Criſpus*,
Who think no Bleſſing equal to thy Love.

Criſp. Wert thou a Man, by Heav'n ſuch Love I bear thee,
I think that I ſhould ſeek thee through the World;
To give thee Death——

Seren. Take then the Death you threaten,
Prepare to ſuffer by a Virgins hand.

Criſp. Kill me, and I'll forgive thee *Annibal*'s Death:
But take this Sword, yet reeking with his Blood,
And thruſt it through my Heart.

Seren. Yet hold *Serena*:
What will become of him when thou art ſlain?
Kill himſelf laſt, and that I would prevent.

Criſp. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Enter Sylveſter.

Silv. Criſpus, I come to tell thee, Thy Father will not hear us.

Seren. Take theſe Swords, *Sylveſter*; bear 'em hence,
Without Reply,——or *Criſpus* kills himſelf.——*Away.*

Sylv. Criſpus Death!
I thank thee Heav'n! that ſent me to preſerve him. *Exit.*

Criſp. Why haſt thou thus delay'd my Ruine?

Seren. To make thy Torments laſting,
Live, that my Ghoſt and *Annibal*'s may haunt thee;
Yet when I come, believe, for all my Threatnings,
My Soul ſhall ſeek thee in a gentle form:
Court thee to Cells, and to the Garden ſhade,
And tell thee there, what Love with us is made;
What Fires the Fiends for willfull Murder make;
And what my Spirit ſuffers for thy ſake.
But hark! I'm call'd——behold the Dead awake.
They waft me, *Criſpus*, to the ſleepy Shore,
And I ſhall never, never ſee thee more. *Ex. Seren.*

Criſp. She's gone: and takes the means of Death too from me.
So what's the next? What have the Fates to add
To my paſt Sufferings? Lightning blaſt me,
Mountains fall on me, gape to the Center Earth,

To

To hide me from my friend. *Enter* Dalmatius.

Dalm. Why my dearest *Crispus*! but alas—
In vain I urg'd thy Father, deaf to all,
Our prayers, remorseless, rocky and unmov'd,
Yet think not but I press'd with all my Love.

Crisp. Therefore in great requital for thy Love
Look there, and let thy Blood congeal to Stone,
Behold thy *Annibal* butcher'd by this Hand.

Dalm. Cold, cold my Boy. *Crispus.* Have I—have I?
But I waste time by such unmanly wailing.
Take to thy Sword.

Crisp. Thou seest I've none: but strike——

Dalm. What could provoke thee to this horrid deed?

Crisp. His jealousie, and Anger of the Heav'ns:
Jealous I robb'd him of *Serena*'s Love.
He call'd me Traitor, Coward, strook me twice,
Before I drew, than ran upon my Sword.

Dalm. Whatever happen'd—I'm a wretched Father,
And thou hast robb'd me of an only Child.
Therefore hereafter we no more are one,
Where e're I go I'll ask before I enter
If *Crispus* be not there? that I may shun thee.
Therefore if thou hast any Gratitude
For those kind offices, which I have done thee,
Fly these sad Eyes, as I will run from thine,
To moan my Son, and howl my life away. *Ex.* Dalmatius.

Crisp. Sol. And whither thou? Thou heap of walking woe!
Thou that hast pull'd thy Father's Curse upon thee;
Kill'd thy best friend, and ruin'd all that Lov'd thee—
Where will at last thy Cruel fortune drive thee?
Hence tear thy Robes: And naked fly the World;
Unmantled to the Weather, wander on
To some dark wild, where Sun-beam never shone. *Ex.* Crispus.

Scene II.

Enter Constantine, Arius, Fausta, Sylvester.

Faust. CONsider Sir his Youth——
Const. I have consider'd all——
But find thy Love so rooted in my heart
I must forgo my life, or lose my Claim.

Yet

Yet mark how deep thy tears have wrought my temper,
If thou wilt ſwear to null my marriage with him,
By wedding me in publick, and, this night,
By making me thy Lord—

Fauſt. No Sir, 'tis impoſſible, yet if you'll ſwear,
To ſave your Son if I ſhould prove him guiltleſs:
I'll tell you wonders Sir, which otherwiſe
Not Racks ſhall e're compel.

Conſt. Forbid it Heav'n! I ſhould deſtroy the guiltleſs,
Tho ſtrangers to my blood, much leſs my Son:
Therefore I ſwear by Heav'n and all the Saints,
Prove *Criſpus* innocent he ſhall not die.

Fauſt. Be witneſſes, Oh *Arius* and *Sylveſter*!
What he has ſworn: Let *Criſpus* ſtrait be call'd,
And quitted of his Crime: Run, *Arius*, haſte,
That I may ſee the Royal friendſhip made. *Ex.* Arius.

Conſt. By an entire ſurrender of thy ſelf,
To me.

Fauſt. To *Criſpus*!

Conſt. By all thy former Oaths I ſwear to me.

Fauſt. I told you, 'twas impoſſible before,
And now confirm it.

Conſt. How?

Fauſt. I am married.

Conſt. Curſes and Vengeance. Married! ſay by whom?

Fauſt. To *Criſpus*.

Conſt. When? Thou falſe one; When? And where?

Fauſt. Here in your Palace, on that happy night,
Before you made your dreadful triumph.

Conſt. Dreadful indeed: For now the wretch ſhall die,
Tho Angels pleaded———

Sylv. Emperor, you have ſworn.

Conſt. I know it Sir, to ſpare the innocent blood;
But I will prove him now.

Fauſt. White as the Saints;
By all the powers of Heav'n and Earth I ſwear,
'Twas I that puſh'd the marriage: Conſcious before,
What I had ſworn to you; nay caſt the Veil
Of Modeſty aſide to make him ſure,
And after Marriage, you may gheſs the reſt.

Conſt. Oh Curſes! Vengeance! Curſes yet unthought!
Such Curſes as thou wilt let fly at me,
When thou ſhalt ſee his Head beneath the Ax,
Even Womans Curſes on thee.

Sylv. How Sir, the Ax!

Enter.

Enter Arius *with* Criſpus.

Conſt. Doſt thou not find the Traitor?
But ſee he comes. Oh thou diſſembler, anſwer,
Didſt thou not tell me, when thy life was ſtak'd,
This marriage was not yet conſummate, ſpeak.
Criſp. 'Tis true dread Sir.
Conſt. Mark all he has confeſs'd!
His own mouth has condemn'd him——he ſhall die.
Criſp. I own'd Sir, I was marry'd——but confeſs'd
no further.
Conſt. How Traitor!
Did I not force the Queſtion often?
Criſp. True;
Which I as often wav'd with low ſubmiſſions——
Conſt. Yet thoſe thy low ſubmiſſions all were lies.
For well thou know'ſt thy ſubtle working wrought me
To a ſatisfaction that thou hadſt not poſſeſt her.
Criſp. That was alas my Crime.
Conſt. That Crime was Treaſon:
Purpos'd abuſe. A Plot upon thy Father.
Nay the whole Cozenage ſhows thee rank in ſin,
Or Ha!——How know I yet ſhe is enjoy'd.
I have but thy word and her's, and both are Traitors,
But ſee my Brother comes to joyn my Juſtice.

Enter Dalmatius.

Dalm. What, *Criſpus* here?
Conſt. Stay, my *Dalmatius*, ſtay.
Dalm. Your pardon Sir,
There's one among you, whom I cannot ſuffer,
And *Criſpus* knows the Cauſe. *Exit.* Dalm.
Criſp. Come back, and hear it then,
Hear thou unhappy Father, hear me own
The murder which this Curſed hand committed,
That hand that ſlew the wretched *Annibal*.
Conſt. *Annibal* ſlain! O Traitor! And by thee!
Is murder added to thy Treaſon too?
Criſp. It ſhall not ſtand me Sir inſtead to ſay,
Miſtaken *Annibal* forc'd me to his ruin.
For ſee I lay my Body at your Feet,
And plead for Death, as others begg for Life.
Conſt. *Cleanthes* take him——*Criſpus* thou ſhalt die,

Therefore

Therefore be this our fatal laſt farewell—
One ſtruggle more. His Mother's in his Eyes.
Fauſt. And where's his Father; but in all his form?
His every grace; his ſmiles——All but his frowns:
So exact in Body, Qualities of Mind,
That if you kill your Son, you kill your ſelf.
Oh therefore liſten to the call of Nature,
And once more view him with an Eye of Mercy.
Conſt. I have lookt my laſt, and now am Judg agen.
Cleanthes! Take 'em both: They 're both your Priſoners,
Criſpus and *Fauſta*. *Arius*——look you to 'em!
Keep 'em apart; and wait me in my Cloſet——
What yet agen? 'Tis the laſt tugg of Nature——
And yet another——Why that ſigh uncall'd?——
And theſe wet Eyes? Oh——if I longer ſtay!
My vows of Juſtice will diſſolve away—— *Ex. with* Sylveſter.
Manent Criſpus, Fauſta, Arius, *Guard.*

Fauſt. Ruin on ruin, let deſtruction come,
With all the wings of the moſt violent death,
Yet arm'd with Innocence, I'll face the Gorgon,
And brave his bloodieſt Terrors: But thy death,
My *Criſpus* death, my ſpirit cannot bear——
Therefore I have reſolv'd, and think not *Criſpus*,
Think not thy tears ſhall move me from my purpoſe.
Criſp. Speak *Fauſta*; ſpeak, how come theſe Earthquakes here?
And theſe o'reflowings? Why do the ſighs redouble?
Fauſt. Becauſe my deareſt life; my all; my *Criſpus*,
Soul of my Soul, that's martyr'd for thy Love——
I am reſolv'd rather then ſee thy death,
To wed thy Father.——
Criſp. Ha! Do I hear thee truly?
But ſpeak agen, for I'll not truſt my ſenſes.
Fauſt. To wed him *Criſpus*.
Criſp. Sorrow ſure diſtracts thee.——
Fauſt. No——tis th' effect of reaſon——
That makes me deſp'rate in this laſt reſolve——
Criſp. No more of this. Haſte, caſt the poiſon up,
'Tis Hell that tempts thee to Eternal ruin.
Therefore if thou deſir'ſt my ſpirit ſhou'd part
In peace, and leave my Love and bleſſing with thee;
Repent this laſt reſult of thy deſpair,
Leſt I conclude thee falſe.—
Fauſt. How falſe, my *Criſpus*?
Criſp. Falſe to thy Vows, unconſtant to thy Love,
And that thy Soul unable for a ruin,

Choſe

Chose rather to sustain an infamous life,
Then die with honor.

Faust. Oh I cannot bear it!

Crisp. Not when I begg thee with my latest breath——

Faust. Thy death my Dear! And I the hated Cause?

Crisp. Therefore I Love thee: And wou'd die agen
For such another proof of thy affection.

Faust. As wrought thy death?—

Crisp. Thy purpose was to save me,
And die thy self. Therefore let's fall together—
Be not cast down, my Fair: But raise thy Eyes,
Those watry setting Suns, shine forth, my *Fausta*,
And make our Love look beautiful in ruin.——

Enter Souldier.

Arius. The Emperor sends agen to have you parted.

Faust. Oh *Crispus*! Whither now?

Crisp. To our long name,
Where purer Spirits drink immortal Air:
And thin clad Souls in flying Chariots move,
And give, and take, an everlasting Love.

Faust. Such Love grant Heav'n, our meeting Souls betide,
Which no inhumane Father may divide:
Where at first sight, our minds enlarg'd may spread;
Thro' all the space, and know the mighty Dead.
Such is my hope: But, *Crispus*, What my fear?
If I should seek: But never find you there——

Crisp. One last Embrace! Oh *Fausta*! do not stain,
Our bliss with fears, we never shall meet again.
Through all the Heav'n in all their Mantions blest,
To ev'ry Saint my Prayers shall be addrest
Nor shall the happy tast a moments rest:
Till some kind Angel guides my wandring Eyes,
And shews me where thy charming spirit flies.
Then Crown'd with joys, we never knew before,
We'l waste the stock of Loves immortal store,
And cruel fate shall never part us more. *Exeunt.*

End 4th. Act.

H The

The Fifth Act: Scene 1ſt.

Enter Dalmatius *and* Serena.

Seren. NOw Sir, you have it all, the whole ſad ſtory
Of your unhappy Son, his Love and mine:
Serena's Guilt, and *Criſpus* Innocence;
Therefore if you ask blood, and would revenge him;
Here waits his Murdreſs, for the ſtroak of death.
But hate not *Criſpus*: Hate not the Innocent:
Much leſs proceed to the Murder of your friend,
Your faultleſs, guiltleſs, too deſerving friend;
The gentleſt, beſt, of all the Imperial Race.

Dalm. No more: There needs no more; my Son is dead:
Eternal peace attend him: A few ſad drops,
And now no more; *Serena*, I believe thee.
My Heart avows th' Innocence of my friend:
Which I had own'd before, had not the wounds
Of *Annibal*, lain green upon my Soul;
But that I now forgive him be thou witneſs,
Be witneſs Heav'n, and this laſt reſolution,
I now put on to ſave my *Criſpus* life,
Or loſe my own.

Seren. O let me kneel to ſuch exalted Virtue.
But Sir, be quick to ſave him, or this goodneſs
Will come too late.

Dalm. Where is the Emperor?

Seren. Lockt in his Cloſet, deaf to the Peoples cries:
Fly Sir, I ſaw him paſs in fury by,
With *Arius* in diſcourſe.

Dalm. I fear that Traitor.

Seren. Your fears my Lord, are mine. I never lik'd him,
The Picture which he gave your Son, has ſhown him:
He has all the marks, we Virgins reckon Omenous,
A pale, down look, red Hair, and leering Eyes,
Miſchief is in him: He's with th' Emperor now,
Perhaps ſolliciting the fate we fear.
I met 'em Sir, and interrupted *Cæſar*;
Who firſt receiv'd me kindly; but at the name

Of

Of *Criſpus* frown'd, and ſhook me from his arm.
Dalm. Fear not, as thou haſt counſel'd, I will join
Sylveſter on the inſtant.
Seren. Force the door,
If he refuſe to let you in, do all
That pity, love, and friendſhip can inſpire,
Do all that I would do, were I *Dalmatius*. *Ex. Severally.*

Scene II.

Enter Conſtantine *and* Arius.

The Scene a Bedchamber.
A Bowl and a Dagger on the Table.

Conſt. ARius!
Arius. Sir.
Conſt. I am reſolv'd to be at reſt,
Thou art my friend, Phyſician, I am ſick,
Sick even to death: Reach me that goblet hither.
The Dagger too.
Arius. Sir.
Conſt. What an eaſie matter
It were for any man, in any Caſe,
Tho Rack't with th' Gout, Stone, any kind of torture,
With one of theſe to ſleep?
Arius. For ever Sir?
Conſt. Right *Arius*.
Arius. Then there is Poiſon in the Bowl.
Conſt. There is moſt deadly.
Arius. May I, Sir, preſume
To ask for what?
Conſt. *Arius*, thou art my friend,
I think too, thou would'ſt venture life. Why yes!—
'Tis Poiſon, and I'll tell thee too for what:
To ſee how long a Dog will be a dying.
Or ſay, what if we try'd it on a man;
Some Enemy that Laws will not take hold of?
Arius. Sir, I underſtand you.
Conſt. Look then you do: How doſt thou underſtand me?
Arius. Why thus you paſt your Oath, your Son ſhou'd live,
If *Fauſta* prov'd him Innocent.

Conſt. 'Tis true:
And ſpite of my revenge, my Heart muſt clear him.
Arius. Right Sir, I find it, you are grip'd in Conſcience,
Now if a Friend ſhould help you: So: or fate
Not always anſwering moſt mens Expectations,
Should call your Son to Heav'n.
Conſt. To Heav'n *Arius!*
Arius. To Heav'n, or Hell, it matters not for that,
So he be out o'th' way, and you not know't.
Conſt. And I not know't?
Arius. No Sir, nor I. What then?
How then! you never ſee him more.
And ſo farewell——I'll take this Poiſon with me.
Conſt. Stay ſtay! Come back.
How ſtrange a guilt is mine, who dare not ſpeak,
But indirectly, what my Soul deſires
Directly done. Why ſhou'd I hide my thoughts
From thee?
Arius. Why Sir indeed?
Conſt. When no Eye ſees.
Arius. None.
Conſt. None but the Eye of Heav'n.
But Walls they ſay have Ears: Therefore we'll whiſper
This Horrid, Barbarous, and Unnatural Murder!
Give him his Choice. Tell him I cannot live,
Unleſs he dies: Tell him I ſtrove to ſave him,
And nature pleaded wonders in his Cauſe.
Arius. I'll ſtabb him firſt, and tell him after.———
Conſt. No, Poiſon's the gentler Fate. Thou art too lowd—
O Conſcience how it heaves, within my boſom——
Arius. Conſcience! The Souls riſing of the Lights. Drink Blood.——
Conſt. Blood ſay'ſt thou! What the Blood of *Criſpus*? Hark!
Who's there? Run to the Door! Say I am not well,
I'll not be ſeen to night.
Arius. Your fancy Sir.
Conſt. I thought I heard my Mothers Voice.
But ſhe's long dead: 'Twas as thou ſay'ſt, my fancy,
My fear, my guilt that haunts me: But begone,
If he muſt fall there is no hiding it:
Call it no longer Murder, but a Juſtice,
Survey him as a Thief that robb'd thy Soul
Of all its wealth: *Arius*——how am I now?
Arius. All Emperor. And Sir I'll haſte to obey you.
Conſt. Thou ſhalt: But go not *Arius*, till I ſend thee—
All Emperor, and Judge. But where's the Father?

Work

Work me there Nature, ſave him if thou canſt;
Remember him as once thy boſom-love.
Arius. I like not this Remembrance.
Conſt. Remember the whole Progreſs of his Life;
Obedient all, ev'n in his Infant Years:
When every Morning to my Bed-ſide he came,
And as I bleſt him, thank'd me with his Tears.

Serena *knocking without.*

Seren. My Lord, the Emperour.
Conſt. *Arius*, hark. Who's there?
Hark, 'tis my Wife. Run to the door. My Wife!
She's riſen from the dead to ſave my Son.
Seren. I will have Audience.
Ari. Madam, you muſt not enter.
Conſt. *Arius*, Let her in. *Enter* Serena.
Seren. *Cæſar*, Save thy Son;
Save him in time; the People are in Arms.
Dalmatius, with the Guards, is gone to quell 'em.
Conſt. How! mutiny? And in my Sons behalf?
Is this the courſe to ſave him? *Arius* hence——
And execute my Orders.
Seren. May I think it?
A Bowl of Poiſon, Sir: Is that your Order?
Conſt. There is no Myſtery now to be conceal'd——
'Tis as you ſaid: And *Criſpus* dies this Minute.
Arius away.
Seren. He ſha'n't, till you hear me.
Think Sir, oh think!
Conſt. I've thought too much already:
But with this laſt Revolt my Heart is ſteel'd;
Though as you enter'd I was fooling Time
With Thoughts of Mercy.
Seren. And has this curſed Wretch prevented you?
Conſt. *Dalmatius* and *Sylveſter* will be here
To hinder Juſtice: Break her Hold. Away.
Seren. Fall then *Serena* firſt. And ſtay that fury. *Stabs her ſelf.*
Conſt. *Arius*, come back. What haſt thou done *Serena*?
Seren. I've paid the Debt of Nature e're my Time.
Conſt. 'Twas a too honeſt Part. What was the Cauſe?
Seren. The Love of *Criſpus*: Love of him you hate.
But let this Victim to Deſpair ſuffice.

Enter

Enter Dalmatius *and* Sylveſter.

Your Brother here! *Dalmatius* pardon me.
Your Son is now reveng'd. Reſtrain the Emperour——
And look to *Arius*. Oh! *She dies.*
Dalm. The Joys of Heav'n,
And an eternal Requiem waſte thy Soul.
Conſt. Brother, How are the People?
Dalm. All huſh'd again.
Why will you harbour, Sir, that Snake about you,
That puts you on theſe fatal Reſolutions?
For, elſe could it be poſſible a Prince
So good, ſo full of every Kingly Grace,
Should once conceive a Thought to put his Son,
His guiltleſs Son, to an untimely Death,
Without the Inſtigation of a Devil?
Sylv. Conſider, *Cæſar*, you that have had the Glory
By Miracles from Heav'n to be converted:
We know your Paſſion manacles your Reaſon;
But here are Hands to help you.
Conſt. Is that then the Reſult of all your Reaſon?
To hope for ſober Actions from a Mad-man?
Dalm. Not till the Frenzy leaves him. But we know
You are not ſo far gone, to loſe all Temper.
Your Hopes, and Fears, your broken Reſolutions,
Are Symptoms all of a moſt noble Nature,
Where Judgment ſeems half ſunk, but not quite drown'd.
Conſt. Why this I can alledge as well as you;
I know the Lawrels which I've worn ſo long
Muſt wither: If my Son ſhould find a Grave,
My preſent Fame, and Glory too hereafter,
Is all upon the hazard: But what then?
I ſee the Storm before me threatning Wrack,
I ſee the Shelves, but who can point the Shore?
Syl. Caſt over-board the Casket of your Love:
I know 'tis precious; but 'twill ſink you, Sir.
Divorce her, Sir; and give her to your Son.
Conſt. Forgo my *Fauſta!* 'tis impoſſible.
Dalm. Nothing's Impoſſible to a Mind reſolv'd:
But paſs beyond *Sylveſter*'s mild Remonſtrance,
And eaſe your Love by Death, by *Fauſta*'s Death.
When ſhe is paſt Recall you'll love no more;
Envy no more.
Conſt. If that could be reſolv'd——

The

The Conqueſt were a great one.

Dalm. The more you think, the more the Thought will ſtrike you.
See but the difference of Counſellors;
What Colours good and bad can give to Reaſon.
Had *Arius* ſtay'd, by this time you had doom'd
Your Son to Death; who now have gain'd the Conqueſt.

Conſt. Would half were gain'd: yet, ſince the Start was noble,
I'll try to win in this Olympick Race.
Tho hilly all the way, and at the Gole
The Summit touches Heav'n.

Dalm. Urge the Neceſſity; ſhe or *Criſpus* dies:
Th' innocent *Criſpus*, or the guilty *Fauſta*
That after all her Vows, could thus deceive you.
Deceive you both. Who if your Son were dead,
No doubt, as quick would practiſe with another.

Conſt. By Heav'n, why not? She that could ſwear, and was,
Forſworn, may ſwear and be forſworn again:
Oh! I remember now with what a Look,
An Angel-look, ſhe vow'd.

Dalm. Yet with that Look,
This Angel, like a Devil, drew in your Son:
Methinks the very groſſneſs of the Cheat
Should make you loath her.

Conſt. Ha!

Dalm. Deteſt and ſcorn her.

Conſt. Scorn on her Scorn, and Death Diſdain ſucceed;
By Majeſty, by Empire, ſhe ſhall bleed.

Silv. Baniſh her, *Cæſar*.——

Dalm. No Sir; Death, or nothing.
Baniſh her to day, and ſhe'll be here to morrow:
Down with her, down; dwell on her perjur'd Vows,
When the ſame Breath that ſwore her yours for ever
Dam'd her anothers.

Conſt. Arius, bring her forth.
She dies! I'll ſweat and bleed, but I will conquer——
Call, call my Son.—Henceforth but name a Woman,
'Tis Treaſon to my Ear: Why, what a Plague
Might ſhe have here engender'd! Forc'd a Father
To put his guiltleſs Son to horrid Death.

Dalm. Royally urg'd. By Heav'n 'twas ever thus
Where Women had to do. Therefore behold her
As a Gangreen to the State.

Conſt. And cut her off.

Dalm. The Bane of Empire—

Conſt. And the Rott of Power!

Yet:

Yet there I'll ſtay and fix my Imagination,
On all their Miſchiefs, Murders, Maſſacres.
And Seas of Blood they have ſpilt in former Ages.
Woman, no more. And when my Heart is going,
Sound but that Name, the pow'rful ſpell ſhall bind
Beyond *Circean* and *Ægyptian* Charms,
'Twill raiſe the loweſt Devils up in ſwarms,
Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms.
Woman that dooms us all to one ſure Grave,
And faſter damns than Providence can ſave. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtantine *and* Fauſta.

Conſt. *Fauſta*, thou art falſe, forſworn.
Fauſt. I ſay ſo too.
Conſt. Therefore ſhalt dye.
Fauſt. I have no other Wiſh.
Conſt. What, not to live,
If I ſhould pardon thee?
Fauſt. That were Life indeed;
To gain your Pardon, and to live for *Criſpus*.
Conſt. No, Wretch! remember as you ſwore to me,
I now return; it is impoſſible.
Yet thou ſhalt dye for *Criſpus*.
Fauſt. And not with him, Sir?
Conſt. No; I've decreed
That thou ſhalt dye to ſave him.
Fauſt. But have you, Sir, decreed to love him too
On *Fauſta*'s Death?
Conſt. I have.
Fauſt. Oh! then the Gods
Have heard my Pray'rs, which, next to living for him,
Was, ſtill to dye to ſave him.
Fauſt. Yet grant me Sir in Death
One laſt Farewel.
Conſt. No; thou haſt look'd thy laſt.
Fauſt. Yet you may let 'em bear me by his Window;
If it be poſſible to ſnatch a Glance,
And not delay my Execution, Sir.
Conſt. She weeps; and there is Magick in her Tears.
I ſhall weep too. Bring forth the Poiſon. Haſte—
She ſhall not ſtay the making of a Bath.
What *Arius!*
Ari. Sir.
Conſt. Give her the Poiſon. Haſte and ſee her dye.

Fauſt.

Fauſt. Stay Sir, come back. I have no load upon me——
But what you all may know: give me the Bowl;
I'll drink it for my Love. Alas my Lord,
Methinks one laſt farewel, had not been much;
But ſince you judge it Sir unfit——I'll die,
Without complaining. Therefore tell my Love—
That my laſt Pray'r was for his life and yours.
Conſt. Hold *Fauſta*: *Arius*, take the Poiſon from her,
And bring the Bath. My Son ſhall ſee her die,
Call *Criſpus* hither, ſince her Fates decreed,
'Twere juſt he ſhou'd be harden'd with the view.
She weeps agen. And with the trick unmans me,
Spite of my vows, ſhe works my Lyon Heart
And melts me into Love. How fares my *Fauſta*?
Fauſt. Sir.
Conſt. Thy hand before we part for ever. *Fauſta*—
I am loſt——I'm vanquiſh't. With a touch o'recome——
Dalm. Wake Sir. Where are you?
Conſt. Ha!
Dalm. *Sylveſter*'s here:
And *Criſpus* waits.
Conſt. Why then ſhe dies agen.
Haſte, Bring him in, bring him to my relief.
The earning of a Father comes upon me,
And my Soul longs to meet him. *Fauſta*, turn;
Turn thy bright Eyes on death: And carry fires
To ſcorch new Worlds; but warm the old no more.
For here's the riſing Sun, to eclipſe thy beams.

Enter Criſpus *with* Sylveſter.

O *Criſpus*! Who that has beheld our diſtance?
That infinite ſpace that paſſion caſt betwixt us,
Would e're have thought we thus ſhould meet agen?
Criſp. What can be added, Heav'n, to ſuch a kindneſs!
Conſt. What *Criſpus*! What indeed to make it laſting?
See'ſt thou that fair one?
Criſp. Sir, you give me hopes; Tho daſh't with fears.
But hold, perhaps I have to death offended,
For ſinning but in wiſh: A dawning joy,
Shines in her Eyes, and revels in her ſmiles,
Which ſeem to tell me, we ſhall both be happy.
Conſt. Would'ſt thou be happy in thy Fathers Love?
Criſp. Judge me you Powers, if that be not my thought:
The utmoſt reach of my extended Soul,

Yet there I'll ſtay and fix my Imagination,
On all their Miſchiefs, Murders, Maſſacres.
And Seas of Blood they have ſpilt in former Ages.
Woman, no more. And when my Heart is going,
Sound but that Name, the pow'rful ſpell ſhall bind
Beyond *Circean* and *Ægyptian* Charms,
'Twill raiſe the loweſt Devils up in ſwarms,
Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms.
Woman that dooms us all to one ſure Grave,
And faſter damns than Providence can ſave. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtantine *and* Fauſta.

Conſt. Fauſta, thou art falſe, forſworn.
Fauſt. I ſay ſo too.
Conſt. Therefore ſhalt dye.
Fauſt. I have no other Wiſh.
Conſt. What, not to live,
If I ſhould pardon thee?
Fauſt. That were Life indeed;
To gain your Pardon, and to live for *Criſpus.*
Conſt. No, Wretch! remember as you ſwore to me,
I now return; it is impoſſible.
Yet thou ſhalt dye for *Criſpus.*
Fauſt. And not with him, Sir?
Conſt. No; I've decreed
That thou ſhalt dye to ſave him.
Fauſt. But have you, Sir, decreed to love him too
On *Fauſta's* Death?
Conſt. I have.
Fauſt. Oh! then the Gods
Have heard my Pray'rs, which, next to living for him,
Was, ſtill to dye to ſave him.
Fauſt. Yet grant me Sir in Death
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Conſt. No; thou haſt look'd thy laſt.
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Ari. Sir.
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But what you all may know: give me the Bowl;
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Without complaining. Therefore tell my Love—
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Conſt. Hold *Fauſta*: *Arius*, take the Poiſon from her,
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Conſt. What *Criſpus*! What indeed to make it laſting?
See'ſt thou that fair one?
Criſp. Sir, you give me hopes; Tho daſh't with fears.
But hold, perhaps I have to death offended,
For ſinning but in wiſh: A dawning joy,
Shines in her Eyes, and revels in her ſmiles,
Which ſeem to tell me, we ſhall both be happy.
Conſt. Would'ſt thou be happy in thy Fathers Love?
Criſp. Judge me you Powers, if that be not my thought:
The utmoſt reach of my extended Soul,

Which knows no other wish, but *Fausta*'s Love——

Const. And that's the Love, which you, by my example
Must learn to hate.

Crisp. To hate Sir! What?

Const. Hate thy Love:
Or what's all one, to bear the effect of hate,
Her execution here before thy Eyes.

Crisp. My *Fausta*'s death?

Scene draws. Arius, Labienus, Eubolus, *with a Bath.*

Const. Behold the Poison'd Bath.

Crisp. For me—I am ready Sir. Haste, Launch my Veins:
You that are destin'd here for my Destruction,
Unrobe me——haste——

Const. None touch him, on your lives.
They may as safely Launch their Emperor,
As wound his Son. But *Fausta* must prepare,
There is no other way to reconcile us.

Crisp. Then hold me Sir, at everlasting distance,
Cast me agen for ever from your sight.
Banish me; Curse me, as you did before——
But make not *Fausta*'s death the Cursed cause,
To save this Villains life. This hangman Traitor,
Nay Coward that can live and hear her threatned!

Faust. My Love, my Lord, Blame not thy noble Father,
Nor Curse thy self, for this was all my seeking.——

Crisp. Thy seeking. Ha! And seekest thou my embraces—
After the base dishonor thou hast done me?
Hence from my Arms——

Faust. I will not, I will hold thee
To my last gasp, and grasp thee after death,
Why push me yet agen: Nay, strike me *Crispus*,
I will not leave thy Bosom.

Crisp. See he's going——
By my blest Mothers Soul, let me come at him——

Const. Arius, see it done.
All Prayers are vain; some of you, break his hold.

Crisp. Dalmatius and *Sylvester* will not sure,
And for the rest, let me but see who dares.

Const. Their Emperor commands 'em——help to force him,
I charge thee *Crispus*, leave me,
And dare not by this willfulness provoke me.

Crisp. I have no willfulness: But these stubborn Tears
Hear my last sighs. For groans quite choak my words,

My

My *Fausta*'s life: Or break my heart before you.
Faust. Sir, do not hear him, snatch your self away,
And leave us here——I'll hush him e're I die;
And send him weeping to you for his Pardon.
Const. He sees 'tis vain. And has let go his hold.
Withdraw——yet Brother, we'll observe unseen——
I do not like this sudden sullenness——
Fausta farewel, *Arius* dispatch. No more. *Exeunt.*

Crispus, Arius, Fausta. *Executioners.*

Faust. Now *Crispus*: Now my Dear, wilt thou forgive me——
This glorious Conquest of Triumphing Love?
Crisp. No: By my Soul, and by my hopes of Heav'n,
Not at thy parting groan, will I forgive thee.
But rather Curse the hour, when first I saw thee,
Curse our first Kisses, Marriage and Embraces,
Unless thou joyn me——Ha——come forwarder:
With *Arius*, joyn me, to provide some means,
That I may bear thee company in Death.
If this thou dost deny me, by the Saints,
By all our Loves—I swear thou never Lov'st me——
Arius. By Heav'n my Lord I pitty you; and if——
Faust. If *Arius*! What? Thou wilt not joyn his madness?
Crisp. Hark *Arius*: By our friendship—I conjure thee,
For I have sworn I will not eat nor drink:
Tho I survive this hour—
Arius. I have the means.
Crisp. A Dagger. Blessings on thee—Give't me I say—
Faust. *Arius*, thou art a Villain!——
Crisp. I'll tell my Father, that I forc'd it from thee.
Faust. Keep, Keep it from him, or I'll tell the Emperor,
'Twas you that first betray'd him to my Love;
And Marry'd us.
Arius. Hold Madam! Let me begg you—
Crisp. Now Love, I am for thee.
Faust. No! I'll call the Emperor.
Oh that damn'd Villain, Traitor, Devil, *Arius.*
Help there without. *Crispus* is Murder'd. Help—
Arius. Nay then 'tis time to fly—— Constantine *violets him with his hand.*
Const. Yes Fiend, to Hell,
Where thou shalt make thy Damn'd account.—In with him—
Cast the unblooded Villain in the Bath,
Which he prepar'd for others: Throw him in.
Arius. Hold Sir, the Bath's not Poison'd.

Conſt. How!
Arius. Compaſſion, for your Empreſs,
Made me contrive this only way to ſave her.
Conſt. Thou haſt done well. Yet in with him, to try.
Arius. Hold Sir! And I'll confeſs, it is, it is,
'Tis Poiſon'd——Pardon.
Conſt. Down with him, keep him down
Till he be dead. Then give him to his Slaves.——

The Bath ſinks with him.

O *Criſpus*——Why? Why doſt thou Eye me thus
With ſnatch'd regards? Why doſt thou Eye thy Father?
Now looking on thy Dagger, now on *Fauſta*——
As if 'twere poſſible to deny her ſtill?
Criſpus. Deny her? Why Sir? Mean you then to give her?
Conſt. Or let me ſtand a Curſe to after Ages.
It is the hand of Heav'n, not mine that gives her:
The Treaſons of the perjur'd *Arius*
So turn my Soul, and quite reduce my reaſon,
That I will give her thee without a Pang.
Take her my Son, And with her all the bleſſings,
And all the Love, my loaded Boſom bears;
The Dews of Heav'n, and theſe thy Fathers Tears.
Criſp. Oh Joys!
Fauſt. Oh Heav'n!
Criſp. Fauſta!
Fauſt. Criſpus! Cæſar!
Criſp. Father!
But let us proſtrate——as a God, approach him——
Thou glorious Image of the Deity!
What ſhall we anſwer?
Conſt. Criſpus! Fauſta——Nothing;
Nothing but riſe, and take me in your Arms.
Thus brooding o're you with a fruitful Joy,
I prophecy by my example led;
Such Love and peace, thro' all the World ſhall ſpread,
And *Roman* Arts that *Britiſh* Iſle adorn,
Where *Helena* Deceas'd, and I was Born.
While *Criſpus* thus, to *Fauſta*'s Love, I give:
And both for ever, in my Boſom live. *Ex. Omnes.*

FINIS.